

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2281.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883.

WITH **SIXPENCE.**
TWO SUPPLEMENTS By Post, 6¹/₂d.



FALL OF A FACTORY CHIMNEY AT BRADFORD: RESCUE OF THE BOY, DAVID BREWER.

DEATHS.

On Nov. 28, 1832, at Mandevill, Jamaica, James Graham Dooley, District Engineer, third son of the late Major Dooley, aged 37 years.
At Killinacarrick Farm, county Wicklow, Ireland, Thomas McGlashan, the faithful servant of the late Sir St. Vincent Hawkins Whitshed, Bart.
On Nov. 18, 1882, at Esquimaux, British Columbia, Harriet Alice, wife of William Fisher, Esq., of Esquimaux, and late of Elms House, Liverpool, aged 59 years. (Liverpool papers please copy.)
On the 31st ult., at his residence, 39, Belsize Park, Hampstead, N.W., William Dockar. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.
On the 27th ult., at Melbourne House, Surbiton, Frances Anne, the beloved wife of John Philip Trew, jun., and daughter of I. G. Bone, of Surbiton-hill, Surrey, aged 32.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 13.

SUNDAY, JAN. 7.

First Sunday after Epiphany.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah li.; Matt. iv. 23-v. 13. Evening Lessons: Isaiah lii. 13 and liii. or liv.; Acts iv. 1-32.
St. James's noon, probably Rev. Francis Garden, Sub-Dean.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. A. J. Worledge; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon Farrar.
Whitehall, 11 a.m.
Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Canon Spence; 7 p.m., Rev. F. G. Ponsonby.

MONDAY, JAN. 8.

Plough Monday.
Hilary Cambridge Term begins.
Prince Albert Victor of Wales, born, 1834.
British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m., Ashpitel Prize.
London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. H. Blackburn on Modern Pictorial Art.
Engineers' Society, 7.30 p.m., Mr. A. Wadmisley on Land Surveying.
Medical Society, 8.30 p.m., Lectures on the Diseases of the Heart.
Rural Academy, 8 p.m., Mr. J. E. Hodgson on Painting, and Thursday.
Normal School of Science, 8 p.m., Professor Huxley, first of Six Lectures to Working Men on Shellfishes.
St. James's Hall—Popular Concerts resumed.
Church of England Sunday School Institute, 6 p.m., Rev. A. Barry on the Sunday School Teacher's Use of the Revised Version.

TUESDAY, JAN. 9.

New moon, 5.59 a.m.
Accession of Humbert I. King of Italy, 1878.
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Tyndall on Light and the Eye.
Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m., Mr. W. S. Dimeson on the Probable Region of Man's Evolution.
Biblical Archaeology Society, 8 p.m.
Medical and Chirurgical Society, 8.30 p.m.
Photographic Society, 8 p.m.
British Orphan Asylum, Slough; Elections, Cannon-street Hotel.
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., Inaugural Address of the President, Mr. Brunles.
Horticultural Society.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10.

Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
Graphic Society, 8 p.m.
Geographical Society, 8 p.m., papers by Messrs. R. F. Tomes, J. S. Gardner, and F. Oats.
Dialectical Society, soirée, 8 p.m.
Microscopical Society, 8 p.m.
Society of Arts, 7 p.m., Professor, H. N. Moseley on the Inhabitants of the Ocean.

THURSDAY, JAN. 11.

Hilary Law Sittings begin in the Royal Law Courts.
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.
London Institution, 7 p.m., Mr. H. B. Dixon on Gas-light.
Antiquaries' Society, 8.30 p.m.
Inventors' Institute, 8 p.m.
Engineers' Society, 7.30 p.m., Mr. H. Adams on Strains in Ironwork.
Horological Institute, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, JAN. 12.

Astronomical Society, 8 p.m.
Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m.
Clinical Society, anniversary, 8.30.
New Shakspeare Society, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, JAN. 13.—Botanic Society, 3.45 p.m.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
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Tickets and Places can be secured at Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; and at all the principal West-End and City Libraries and Box-offices.
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Madame TAMAN.
Madame ENGALLY.
Madame FRAUDIN.
Madame MANSOUR.
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FOR 1883.

Published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

JANUARY 6, 1883.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—*Two pence* to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States of America; and *Three pence* to China (via Brindisi) and India.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883.

The New Year has indeed opened gloomily. A little before the joy-bells in Paris announced the advent of 1883, and on the eve of the gay festival which celebrates *Le Jour de l'An*, the spirit of the most illustrious Frenchman of the day had fled. The sad accident with a revolver, which on Nov. 27 disabled M. Gambetta, proved to be the beginning of the end. Although his wounds to a great extent healed, the distinguished patient never recovered his constitutional vigour, and complicated disorders supervened which defied the skill of his physicians and carried him off unexpectedly within a few minutes of midnight on Sunday. The incidents associated with his death were as startling as the series of dramatic events that marked his public career. While the official world was mournfully pondering over the sudden catastrophe, and the President of the Republic was sadly going through the form of giving audience to foreign Ministers and State functionaries, the gaieties of the Boulevards were hardly disturbed by the news that the patriot who, more than any man, had laid securely the foundations of their free institutions was dead in his modest dwelling at Ville d'Avray.

The career of M. Gambetta has been hardly less romantic than that of Napoleon III., whose régime he helped to bring to an end. Since 1868, when, during the Baudin prosecution, he launched a fiery philippic against the Empire, his name has been prominently associated with the political fortunes of France. When his country was almost in a state of collapse after the overthrow of Sedan and the investment of Paris, he it was who escaped in a balloon from Paris to Tours, and by his indomitable vigour and resolution raised new armies to hurl against the German lines; and when, after successive defeats, the Assembly at Bordeaux desired to negotiate for peace, he refused to succumb, and went into exile. After the downfall of M. Thiers through the intrigues of the Monarchists, and the establishment of the Republic, with Marshal MacMahon as President for seven years, M. Gambetta strenuously

opposed the reactionary policy of the De Broglie Ministry, and by his intrepidity and eloquence averted a *coup d'état*, and, supported by public opinion as expressed through a newly-elected Assembly, obliged the Marshal President both to "submit and resign." The Republic was secured, M. Grévy was chosen as its chief, and M. Gambetta became the first citizen of France. His refusal to take office till his unrivalled popularity began to wane was a political blunder that cost him dear. When, in November of last year, he was obliged to assume the Premiership, the rivals from whom he had held aloof declined to serve with him, and after a series of lamentable mistakes during six short weeks of official life, the Gambetta Cabinet was overthrown by a vote of the Chamber of Deputies, and its chief almost retired from public life. He patiently waited for a reaction in his favour, which he was not destined to witness.

It is quite possible that by duly learning the lessons taught by bitter experience, the fallen and distrusted statesman might have recovered his ascendancy, and eventually have reached the summit of his ambition on the retirement of President Grévy. But it was not to be. His death has created a void which no other public man can fill. No living politician so fully enjoys the confidence of the French middle and agricultural classes; none is so well able as he was to give effect to that Opportunist policy which the democracy of Paris and the Revolutionists behind it so scornfully condemn, or to keep in check those volcanic forces which threaten the Republic. President Grévy, indeed, possesses those lofty qualities—firmness of purpose, purity of patriotism, and unbending integrity—which may help to guide his bewildered countrymen through the perils of the near future. But, after all, he is more an impartial moderator than an active leader. He can choose capable statesmen—but where are they to be found? The decease of M. Gambetta, though he was under an eclipse, is the loss of a political force that permeated the life of the nation, and of a masterful sagacity that might have overcome all hostile influences and consolidated the Republic. Scheming Royalists will now indulge in aspirations and intrigues that were but a week ago hopeless; restless Anarchists will be encouraged to plot against a Constitutional régime that is objectionable in their eyes because it preserves order and suppresses revolution. As is too often the case with nations that undervalue the services of their greatest public men while alive, the French people will accord to the remains of M. Gambetta the distinction of a grand public funeral, and repent at leisure that they allowed the jealousies of faction and the virulence of an irresponsible press to shake their confidence in a commanding genius who would have given stability to their free institutions, and restored the prestige of their country.

The European press fully recognises the magnitude of the loss France has sustained, and does ample justice to the brilliant qualities of the departed statesman. Perhaps the Berlin newspapers, while paying a generous tribute of respect to M. Gambetta's memory, are right in regarding the death of their "most capable and most embittered enemy as a pledge of peace." It may be that his longing for a war of revenge at the fitting time has been exaggerated. He—an Opportunist in foreign as well as in domestic politics—would certainly never have committed his country to such an adventure unless assured of success. But his eagerness to keep alive the military spirit of his countrymen, and to perfect the organisation of the French army, was in keeping with his alleged designs. Prince Bismarck, although always a forbearing observer of French politics, cannot but have felt relieved at the disappearance in one year of his two most dreaded antagonists—General Skobelev and M. Gambetta. Our own Press, in their eulogies passed upon the deceased statesman, do not fail to note that he was always the steadfast friend of the English alliance, though vexation at the failure of the French Government to sustain their influence and prestige in Egypt led him to give a rash support to schemes of "colonial expansion," which were in a measure adapted to weaken the cordial relations of the two countries, and will probably now collapse. The peace of Europe may for a time be more secure by the effacement of M. Gambetta. But if France should be disorganised by this sudden calamity, Europe will not eventually be the gainer.

The unexpected death of M. Gambetta is not the only sombre event of the first week of 1883. Before the old year had expired we had tidings of the extraordinary suicide of Count Wimpffen, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, who appears to have been goaded into a frenzied state of mind by nervous depression or mysterious domestic incidents, but who, as a diplomatist, both after the Prussian war and in relation to France, had effectively served his Imperial master. The deluges of rain which lately caused so much wide-spread desolation and disaster in Germany and the Alpine region, have this week been renewed with distressing and calamitous results. Rarely has such a wet season been known at Christmas-time, and the superfluity of moisture and dripping skies, though accompanied with the temperature of June, is not, for the most part, a welcome substitute for the keen winds and bracing atmosphere that are expected at winter.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

All the world—except, perhaps, the descendant of that Hampshire agriculturist who, when he was told by Mr. Roebuck that the great Duke of Wellington was dead, replied "I be mighty sorry for he; but who *was* he?"—knows by this time that M. Léon Gambetta, sometime an Advocate of the Paris Bar, member of the Government of National Defence, President of the Chamber of Deputies, Prime Minister of France, and proprietor of the journal called *La République Française*, is no more. Passing through Paris on my way from Rome, on New-Year's Eve, I learned that the ex-Dictator, who escaped in a balloon from beleaguered Paris to distracted Tours, was dangerously ill. One of the extreme Radical papers kindly observed, indeed, of the illustrious invalid: "We regret to find that the news this morning of M. Gambetta's health is more reassuring." Going out on Monday afternoon in Fleet-street, I saw placarded outside half-a-dozen newspaper offices, "Death of M. Gambetta."

Tribunes of the people, when they fall out, rarely forgive one another. It was not to be expected that Gambetta's ancient and implacable foe, Citizen Henri Rochefort, would speak very kindly of his enemy's extinction. So the article in the *Intransigeant* recording the demise of the Chief of the Opportunists was charitably headed "Fin d'un Sauveur"; and the "Esclaves ivres," the communistic working men whom the irate Deputy for Belleville, on a memorable occasion, so virulently denounced, smiting the table before him, meanwhile, with his walking stick, were sarcastically told that they might now "sleep tranquilly in their lairs."

Léon Gambetta, the Franco-Genoese, was only forty-four. Well; by the time that Napoleon Bonaparte the Corsican was forty-six he had been Consul and Emperor, and Master of the World—he had lost Waterloo, and was a bankrupt exile. In the not very extraordinary course of nature, M. Gambetta might have lived till, say, the year 1921, just as Napoleon might have lived till the year 1851 to witness, as his compeer and conqueror Duke Arthur did, the opening of the Great Exhibition. Imagine Byron, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Dickens, and Thackeray all dining together at the Athenæum! Such a meeting seems, at the first blush, scarcely credible; yet, in the not very extraordinary course of nature, it might have happened.

The Paris *Figaro*, writing of the deceased politician, remarks that he might have said, with Marshal Saxe, on his death-bed, "The dream has been short; but it has been beautiful." The words which, we read, were really uttered by the victor of Fontenoy (he beat us in that field, but it was under Marlborough that he had been trained to fight), and which were addressed to his physician, were "M. de Senac, I have dreamed a beautiful dream." But Maurice de Saxe had said something more and better than that. On the night preceding the battle of Rocour he had said to the same physician, quoting the "Andromaque" of Racine:—

Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle
Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle,
Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourants,
Dans la flamme étouffée, sous le fer expirants.

He added, "All these poor soldiers know nothing about it." He was sorry for the poor brave men who were going to die. I always couple this story, in my mind, with the anecdote of our James Wolfe murmuring the stanzas from Gray's "Elegy" in the barge in which he was being rowed to the Heights of Abraham, to find there, with his heroic foe, Montcalm, a common death, and inherit a common glory.

And Léon Gambetta lies dead, at forty-four: the proximate cause of his death blood-poisoning, the primary cause obscure, if not mysterious. My barber, in Paris, professed to know all about that pistol-shot. He was equally well informed (by his own showing) as to the cause of the suicide of M. de Wimpffen, the Austrian Ambassador. Your barber knows everything. And a hundred barbers' tongues make up the multi-lingued thing which we call Rumour, which is ordinarily a glib *pasticcio* of Lies.

This notable political personage—whether he leaves a name which will be famous in history it would be absurdly premature to speculate upon, just now—expired in a house the name of which, at least, posterity will not easily let die. It was at "Les Jardies" at Ville d'Avray, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, that Léon Gambetta breathed his last. It was at "Les Jardies" that the illustrious novelist and Thinker, Honoré de Balzac, wrote the concluding pages of the "Comédie Humaine."

Turning to the "Correspondance" of Balzac (of which Mr. Bentley published an English translation, executed, I believe, by the late Charles Lamb Kenney, I find that the first letter of the novelist from "Les Jardies" bears the date of 1838. It is addressed to Madame Zulma Carraud, at Frapesle. The next "Jardies" letter, written in July of the same year, is to the Countess Eve de Hanska, at Vierzschovnia, the Polish lady whom Balzac married late in life, who survived him more than thirty years, and who died only the other day in Paris. He gives a characteristic description of his (then) new villa:—

My house is like a parrot's perch. There is one room on each storey, and there are three storeys. On the ground floor, dining-room and drawing-room; on the second floor, bed-room and dressing-room; on the topmost floor, a study, whence in the middle of the night I am writing to you. The whole is flanked by a staircase remarkably resembling a ladder. The house is surrounded by a covered gallery, supported by pilasters of brick. The kitchen and the rooms for the servants were in a separate building.

The last letter from "Les Jardies" is dated November, 1840, and is written to his sister, Madame Laure Surville. It is full of Balzac's usual complaints about excess of work and want of money. Within the next four weeks he has three hundred and seventy-eight columns to write for different newspapers—the "Journal du Commerce," the "Presse," the "Sylphide," the "Mode," and so forth. Then the printers are

dunning for the corrected proof-sheets of two novels, "Le Curé de Village" and "Sœur Marie-des-Anges." And so the Human Comedy is being perpetually played out; and we strut and fret our hour on the stage, and then are heard no more. Does it matter much, here below, if the "poor player" have been a reality or a creature of the imagination? With ghastly elaboration the Paris correspondent of the *Times* has described the room in which Gambetta died—the furniture, the bed, the very corpse itself; and then we are told of the political magnates who came to stare at the dead man. Clemenceau, Jules Ferry, Freycinet, Lepère: they were all there. *Finita la Commedia*. It would not be difficult to people that chamber of death with the shades of the actors in that other Comedy which Honoré de Balzac drew. Vautrin, the Père Goriot, Lucien de Rubempré, Bixio, the "illustré" Bianchon, Nucingen, the Jew banker, and Rastignac. Especially Rastignac. He was a man who made his way.

I have got back, I rejoice to say, to my books, and find a long table heaped high with brown paper parcels, containing literature new and old; for I left a rare ragged regiment of ancient tomes behind me, last November, to be bound. The book-binders have behaved nobly (one has even refrained from dunning for his money the day after delivering his work); and I am revelling in new reproductions of Grolier Le Gascon, Maioli, "Spanish," Derome, Roger Payne "corners," tree-calf, "cat's-paw," and "Harleian border."

But here is a new, singular, and interesting example of the art of the βιβλιοδότης and of typography to boot, and it comes from no bookbinder of mine own. It is an "Account of the Manner in which Sentences of Penal Servitude are carried out in England," and bears the impress of her Majesty's Convict Prison, Millbank. Set up and bound (very neatly, crimson, half roan, gilt, cloth sides) by the gentlemen who have "gone wrong," and all expiating their little aberrations in penal servitude. A remarkable book of one hundred and seventy octavo pages. The author, Sir Edmund F. Du Cane, K.C.B., R.E., Surveyor-General of Prisons.

The work was originally prepared for the First International Prison Congress, held in London in 1872; but the present is a new and revised edition, brought down to the present time. Sir Edmund Du Cane's book may be broadly characterised as a Plain Statement of Unimpeachable Facts. Within the last few years an immense amount of printed matter (mainly sensational twaddle) has been published, now in romantic, now in pseudo-autobiographical form, professing to give full, true, and particular accounts of convict life. Sir Edmund Du Cane gives us in these unvarnished pages a valuable antidote to the stuff that has been so widely scattered about concerning convict labour and convict discipline.

I shall return to the book; but I may just quote here a very encouraging piece of criminal statistics, which I commend to the attention of those who think that we are in the worst of all bad ways with regard to our felonious population. Says Sir Edmund Du Cane:—

The statistical tables of crime must be studied by those who wish to appreciate the effects of the changes we have made at various times. It will be sufficient if I here give the figures which show the remarkable decrease of serious crime of late years. When this pamphlet was first issued, in 1872, the year 1870 was distinguished as showing a smaller number of sentences to penal servitude in England and Wales than had ever before been known, viz., 1788. (This number was ten per cent less than in the previous year 1869, viz., 2006.) The year 1871 had again fallen as much below its predecessor, viz., 1627, nearly one-fifth lower than in 1869; and the numbers have continued to fall, so that in 1881 they were only 1525 (or rather more than half the number on the average of five years ending 1859), though the population has in that period increased from 19,636,701 to 25,968,286.

There are always so many things for which you ought to be unfeignedly grateful on New-Year's Day! In the first place that you are alive. Then there may be special reasons for gratitude in the circumstances that you are not in imminent peril of being hanged; that your name has not (yet) appeared among the declarations of bankruptcy in the *London Gazette*; that the brokers are not in your house; that you have not been fined ten pounds for non-appearance as a jurymen at the High Court of Justice; that you have enough money to pay your Fire Insurance Policy; and that the friend who used to bore you with manuscript five-act tragedies and twelve-canto epics has written to you from Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., with the cheerful information that he has abandoned the ungrateful trade of authorship and is doing remarkably well in the pork-packing line of business.

I have many things to be grateful for at this festive season; but, perhaps, brightest among my boons do I account the fact that I was many hundreds of miles from England when the great libel case of *Belt v. Lawes* was decided. In Rome we talked about the trial for weeks together, and those who were of a sporting turn betted freely on the potential verdict; but we did not have to write leading articles on the summing-up of the Judge and the finding of the jury. Remarkable Judge. Remarkable jury. Remarkable trial.

When the damages and costs (remarkable damages, remarkable costs) have been paid, and the monstrous ghost of this lawsuit has been finally laid in the Red Sea, it may be perhaps permissible to ask (without incurring the risk of falling into Contempt of Court) how much artistic assistance a sculptor is justified in availing himself of in the preparation of his work. There is the case of Sir Francis Chantrey and Thomas Stothard, R.A., curiously in point. I wonder whether it was alluded to by any of the learned gentlemen engaged in the case. Stothard, we read in Mrs. Bray's "Life" (London, Murray, 1851), was frequently employed to make designs for sculptors. Among these may be mentioned the Garrick monument in Westminster Abbey, the monument to Miss Johnes at Hafod, Wales, and especially that for the exquisite group of the Sleeping Children in Lichfield Cathedral.

Sir Francis Chantrey, when questioned on the subject, was wont to say that the original idea for the group was given to him by the mother of the children, Mrs. Robinson, "dwelling on her feelings, when, before she retired to bed, she had usually contemplated them, as she hung over them, locked in each other's arms asleep." It occurred to Chantrey that the reproduction of this scene would be the most appropriate monument, and he made the suggestion to Stothard. So Stothard produced an elaborate drawing, which Chantrey, with some slight variations (not in the attitude but in the drapery), copied in clay and subsequently in marble. Mrs. Bray gives engravings both of Stothard's drawing and Chantrey's sculptured group; and she adds that the painter used to say that "no sculptor had ever before so completely embodied his ideas in marble, and always spoke of Chantrey as a man of a high order of genius, cultivated and imbued with the grace of classic antiquity." But did the sculptors of classic antiquity employ painters to make designs for them?

A side-issue to this big Oyer of Libel has been raised by a clergyman, who writes to the *Times* to say that when Mr. Brock (remarkable witness) received the order for the colossal statue of Richard Baxter at Kidderminster, he (the reverend gentleman) was applied to by the sculptor for some information as to the clerical vestments in which he should array the effigy of the great Nonconformist. The reverend gentleman went to the British Museum to ascertain whether Baxter had ever taken an academical degree; but, not being able to gather any information on that point, he wisely counselled Mr. Brock to dress the author of *The Saint's Everlasting Rest* in a Geneva gown and a buttoned cassock. In fact, he lent the vestments to the artist, "and went to the studio to see that they were rightly put on."

Still, it seems odd that a clergyman should not know not only that Baxter never took a degree, but that he never went to the University. "He was unlucky in his education by falling into the hands of ignorant schoolmasters; neither had he the advantages of an academical education, his parents having accepted a proposal of putting him under Mr. Wickstead, Chaplain of the Council of Ludlow, but this did not answer their expectation; Mr. Wickstead being himself no great scholar, took little or no pains with his pupil; the only benefit Richard reaped was the use of an excellent library."

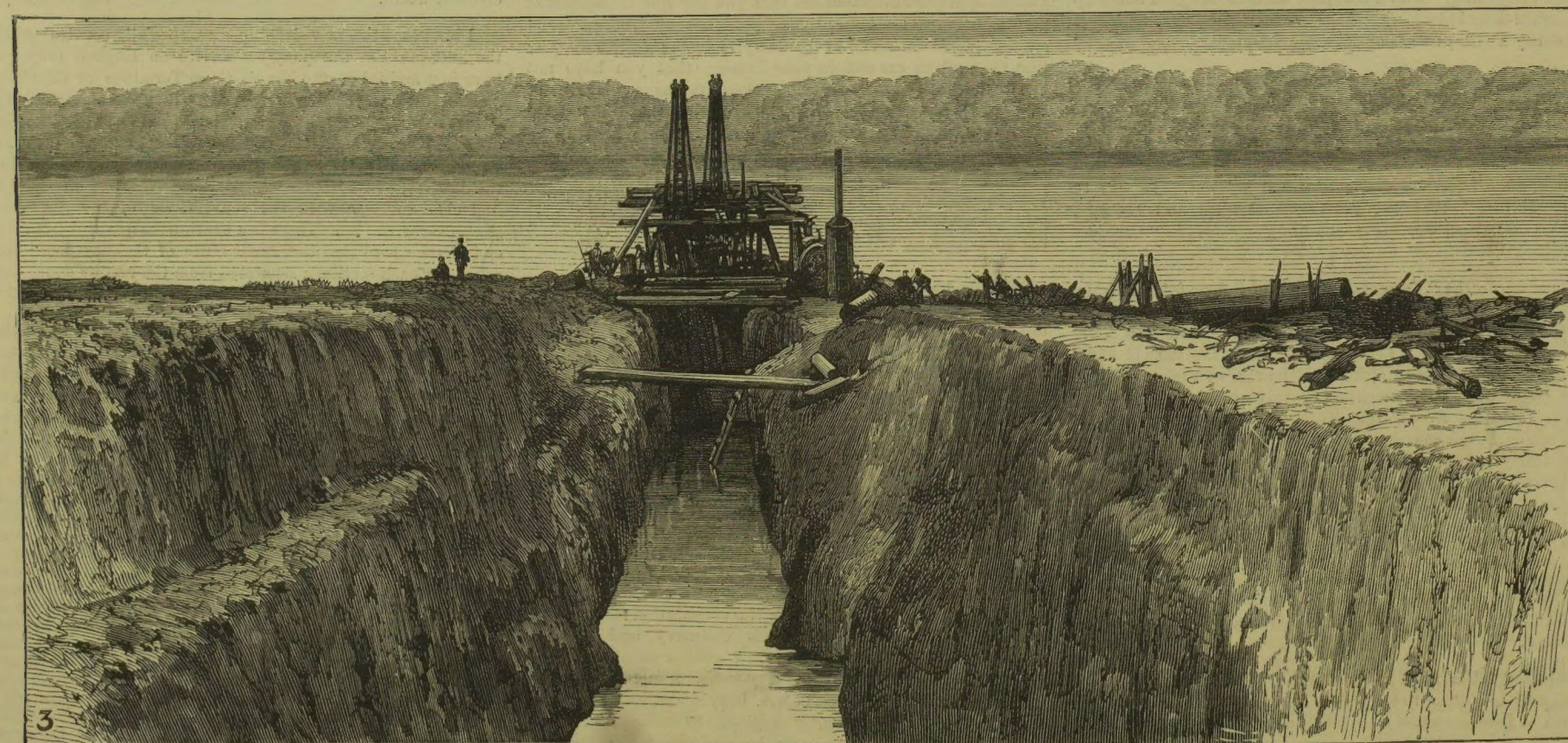
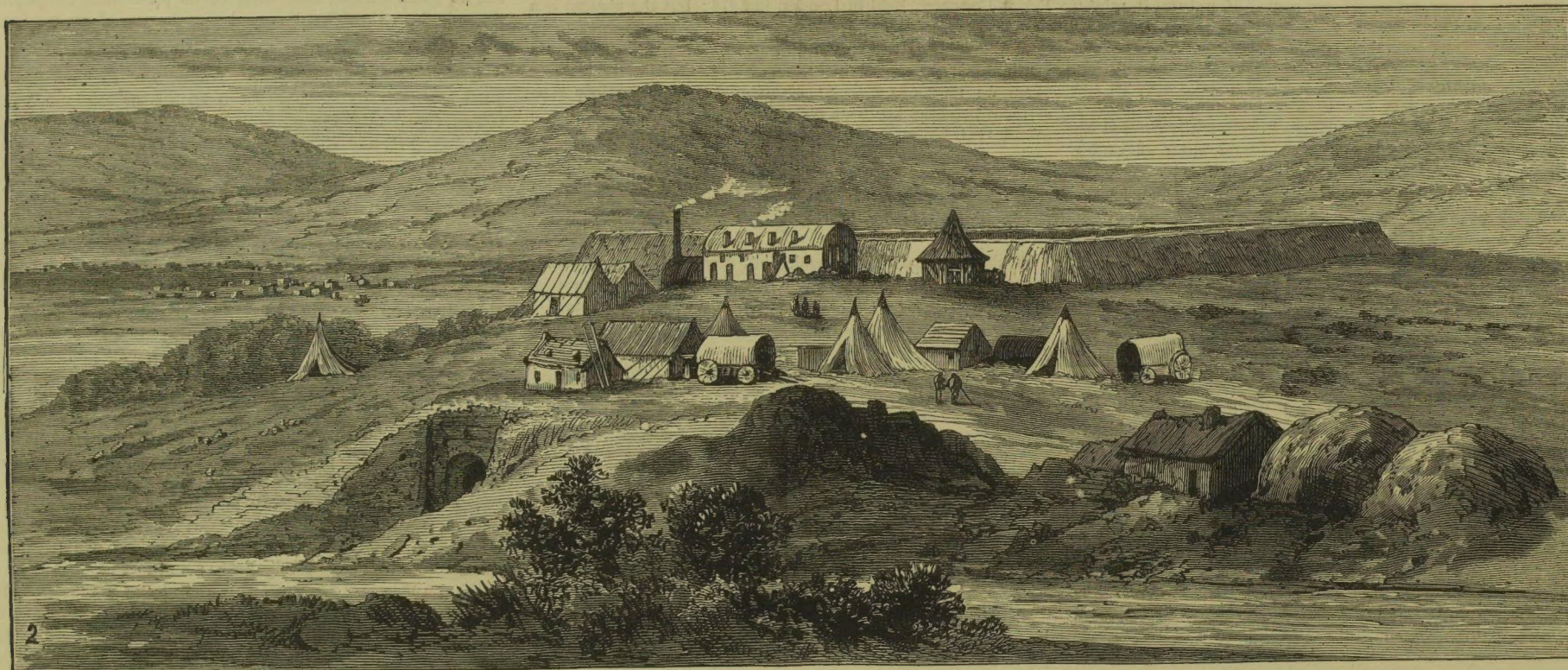
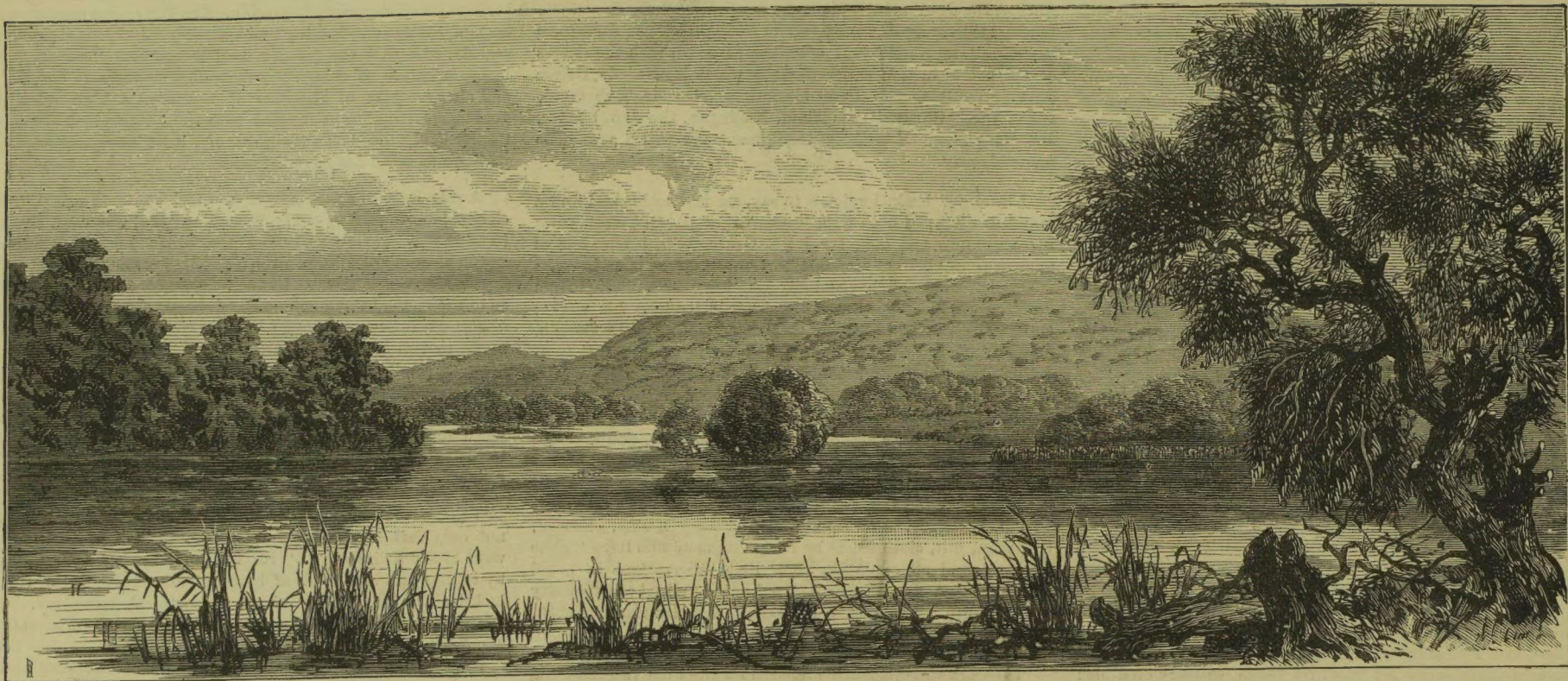
Mem.: There are numerous portraits of Richard Baxter cited in Granger's "Biographical History of England," but Granger only gives the dates of the prints and the names of the engravers, and enters into no details of costume. There is a very graphic representation of Richard, as he stood on his trial before the brutal Jeffreys, in a picture painted by my late and lamented friend E. M. Ward, R.A.

A new Criminal Code came into operation in the State of New York on the First of December; and, next to the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, there have rarely been enacted, I should say, a more stringent set of enactments. It is made a misdemeanour, punishable by long terms of imprisonment, to compel a woman to marry against her will, to "endanger the life, health, or morals of a child"; to employ a female child under fourteen years of age, or a male child under sixteen years of age, as "a rope or wire walker, dancer, gymnast, contortionist, rider, or acrobat" (adieu infant phenomena and juvenile prodigies!); "as a beggar, or in peddling, singing or playing on a musical instrument, or in a theatrical exhibition." It is a misdemeanour to steal a human body, or to dissect one without leave or license had; to start lotteries, or sell lottery tickets; to exact payment for money won at play; to induce strangers to visit a gambling-house; and to supply medicines without a license. These are only a few items in the new code. I wonder how many of them will "hold," as the saying is, in a State and city where there is probably more gambling and more quackery than are to be found, perhaps, elsewhere in the civilised world.

I note that two new sleeping-cars, specially constructed by the Pullman Car Company for service on English railways, have just arrived at the King's-Cross Terminus of the Great Northern Railway. These cars are built on what is technically known as the "English pattern," having side entrances, and thus dispensing with the end platforms; and the vehicles themselves are divided into compartments, "so as to combine the comfort, and to some extent the privacy, of an English first-class carriage with the convenience of the American sleeping-car. . . . There is a continuous passage from one end of the car to the other for the use of the attendant; but ordinarily each section is separated from the rest by doors and curtains."

The more Pullman cars, whether of the American or the English pattern, we have on our railways, the better; yet I hope to see the day when boxed-up compartments and locked-up doors will wholly disappear from our railway traffic; and when the ordinary cars will be constructed on the American system, with a continuous passage from one of the class (if not of the train) to the other. I am too old and too busy to try to get up an "agitation" or a "movement"; but were I twenty years younger I would move all the people of rank and influence that I knew to preside over and speak at public meetings; I would "stamp" the country from end to end, and inundate able editors with letters and leaders in advocacy—nay, in insistence—on Common Comfort and Common Decency in railway travelling. And that comfort and decency can only be obtained by the abolition of the present ghosts of superannuated hackney coaches drawn by locomotives instead of horses, and the adoption of the American car system with Pullmans, in compartments, for sleepers. There should be one smoking-room for each class, there should be a refreshment buffet on board; and the conductor should be continually patrolling the train from end to end: he alone holding the keys of the doors separating class from class. "Comfort, Decency, no Murders, no Outrages and no Robberies on board Railway Trains." That should be my motto. Of course, it would be called "sensational," and reformed railway carriages would be branded as "un-English."

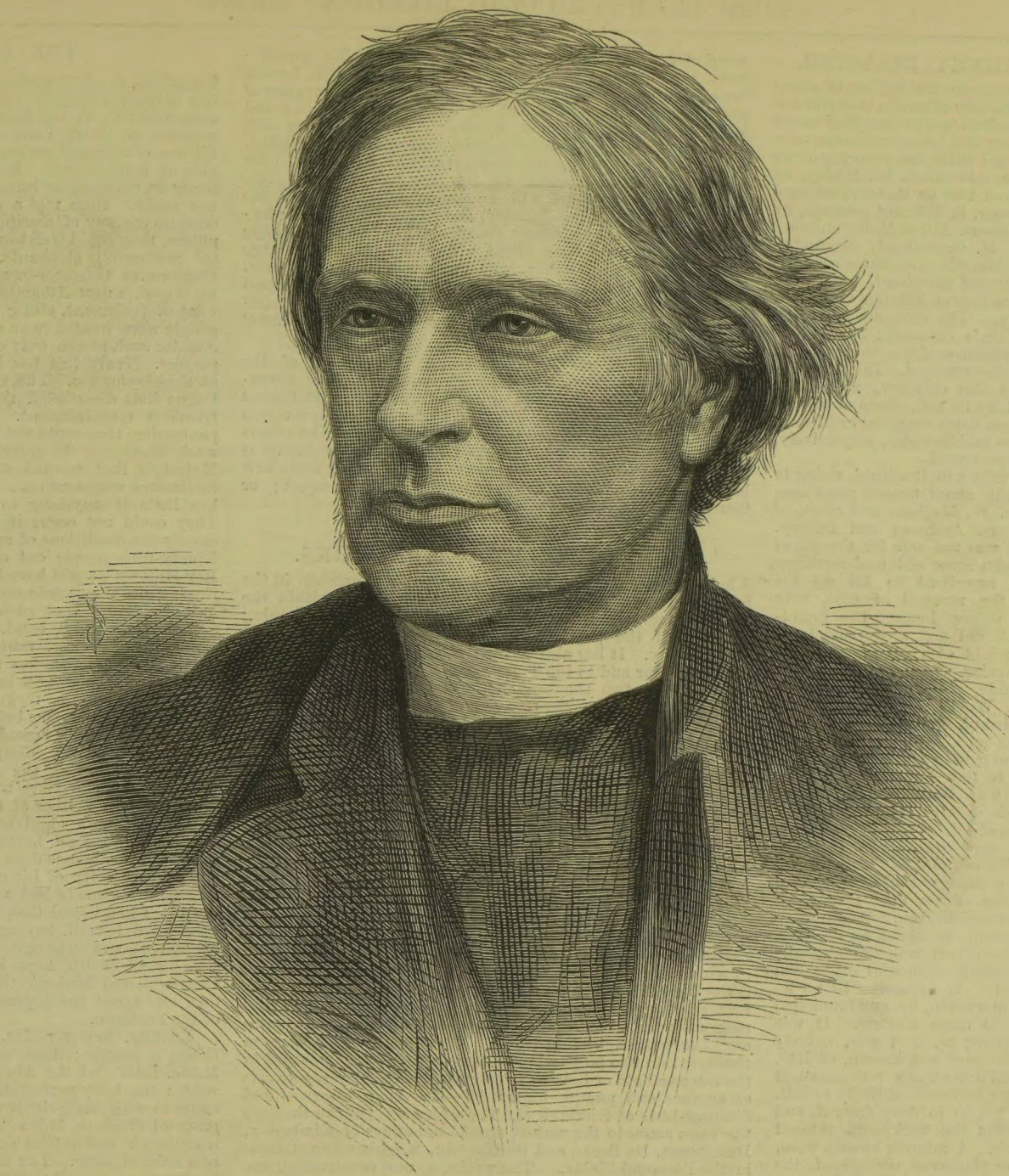
G. A. S.



1. Great Bend of the Vaal River, below Klipdrift.

2. Waterworks and Reservoir.

3. Cutting for Intake from the Vaal River.



THE MOST REV. E. W. BENSON, D.D., THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



Bringing out a dead body.

Shaft of the Fallen Chimney.

FALL OF A FACTORY CHIMNEY AT BRADFORD.

THE BRADFORD CHIMNEY DISASTER.

A terrible calamity—not an accident—the killing of about sixty persons by the fall of a high factory chimney, took place at Bradford on Thursday last week. Between Spring Mill-street and Upper Castle-street, or Bowling Old Lane, were some piles of factory buildings, called Newland Mills, the property of Sir Edward Ripley, Bart., son of the late Sir H. W. Ripley, on whom the Baronetcy was conferred two or three years ago. These mills were rented of the owner, in different portions, by several woollen manufacturers; Messrs. Alfred Haley and Co., J. Horsfall, Wharton, and W. H. Greenwood, occupying different floors of one building; while other buildings adjacent were tenanted by Messrs. Mitchell and Shepherd, by Messrs. Mark Dawson and Sons, and by the Patent Melange Company, and the Newland Mills Company. The chimney which fell was called Messrs. Haley and Co.'s chimney; but it was used for the joint service of steam-engines working the mills of all the different persons above named. In the building which immediately adjoined this chimney, and which has been almost entirely crushed by its fall, there were four spinning floors; the top and bottom floors tenanted by Messrs. Haley and Co., spinners; the two middle floors, respectively, by Mr. J. Horsfall and Messrs. Greenwood.

This chimney was one of the tallest in Bradford, rising to the height of 255 ft. It was built, about twenty years ago, for Mr. H. W. Ripley, by Messrs. W. Moulson and Sons, of Bradford, from designs by Messrs. Andrews and Delany. The ground upon which it stood was not safe for the site of such a structure. There had been some old coal-workings beneath; and it was deemed expedient to fill up the underground cavities left by the removal of coal, with stone packing and concrete, before laying the foundations of the chimney. But this did not prove sufficient; for, when the chimney rose to a height of 240 ft., it was seen to be declining from the perpendicular, which was due to the sinking of the foundation at one side. To remedy this defect, the proprietor, the late Sir H. W. Ripley, called in the assistance of a man named Woodward, not a scientific man, but one with a local reputation as an expert in straightening chimneys. He cut out some of the mortar between the layers of stone, on the side opposite to that towards which the chimney was leaning; and this was done from below to a distance of fifteen or twenty yards upward from the foundations. At its base the chimney was 24 ft. in diameter, and its sides were 7 ft. 6 in. thick. The slope inward was about an inch to the yard. It was built with an inner flue of brick and an outer covering of stone, and it is thought that in the course of settling after the thinning of the mortar the "throughs" which united the two coverings had been broken. Woodward's notable device, however, was apparently successful, for the time, in causing the chimney to resume a perpendicular attitude. Since that time, it has been a standing menace of death and destruction to the neighbourhood. There seems to be no Government inspection or legal supervision, by any municipal or local authority, with regard to these matters. It was nobody's official business to interfere; or, if it was, nobody attended to the business. The chimney was known, of late, to be in a tottering condition; and a workman was stationed to keep watch, and to give warning if it seemed likely to fall. Two or three weeks ago, pieces began to drop from it, and caused so much alarm that several of the workpeople refused to go on till it should be made safe. A number of men were, therefore, sent up to repair the shattered outside of the chimney. It is probable, however, that the mischief was at the foundations, to which nothing was to be done. The works ought to have been stopped, and the people sent home, while the chimney should have been taken down. But there is no official care of such matters.

The ill-used chimney, which had long patiently endured the injuries of an improper foundation and subsequent maltreatment of its sides, ought not to be blamed for coming down at last. A high wind blowing on Wednesday week, and all through the night, made it pretty certain to all who cared, and to some of the victims. We have heard the story of one little boy, James Henry Hancock, who was thirteen years of age. He was the son of a widow. He went home to his tea on the Wednesday evening, when he began, poor child, talking to his mother about the chimney, moved his hand backward and forward, and said, "I seed it sway this way and this way to-day." His mother said, "James, lad, don't talk on that way," and he replied, "Well, mother, you'll see that chimney will be down before twenty-four hours." To this she answered, "No, lad; masters will know better than that, and will never let you work in danger." The child went to bed, awoke a few minutes past six on Thursday morning, and the wind was then so high that he remarked, "Mother, I don't want to go this morning." She asked why, and he replied, "Well, there's sure to be someone killed." She said, "But, lad, this is t' week I've rent to pay; so tha mun go." The boy cheerfully obeyed, and calling "Good morning" to his mother, disappeared in the darkness of the morning. She did not again see him alive. No soldier who dies on the battlefield shows more heroic valour than that poor little boy. Thousands of men, women, and children, in the English working classes, in the factories, the coal-mines, the fisheries of our coast, daily carry their lives in their hands, confronting death in such "Perils of Industry," as bravely, though unconsciously and unpresumptuously, as those who march to war.

It was breakfast-time at the mills, ten minutes past eight o'clock, when the chimney fell, from the north-west to south-east, right over Haley and Co.'s block of building, crushing down all its four floors, where a hundred workpeople, more of women, girls, and boys than of men, were mostly sitting at their breakfast. There was a shriek of horror, and groans of agony were heard. The cloud of dust was blown off, and it was seen by hundreds of terrified neighbours that nearly the whole great building was destroyed. A huge heap of loose stones and bricks, timber beams, twisted iron, fragments of machinery, pieces of human clothing, dead or dying human bodies, lay mixed with the ruin of the fatal chimney, in the adjacent yard and street. The frantic grief of those who saw it, and of those who soon crowded to look for their wives and sisters, their parents, or their children, cannot be imagined; but it was succeeded by the strenuous efforts of a host of strong men to clear away the remains, and to extricate those yet living, as well as the bodies of the dead. These labours, continued all through that day, and at night by the aid of the electric light, are the subjects of our Artist's Sketches, drawn on the spot. A dozen medical gentlemen or surgeons, five or six ministers of religion, clergymen, Roman Catholic priests, and Dissenting ministers, were early in the field; the latter to pray with, or for, the suffering victims and sorrowing friends. The surgeons had, in some instances, to treat the wounded there as they lay, and even to amputate fractured limbs, before they could be carried to the Bradford Infirmary, where all the patients were cared for well. To relate the most remarkable individual cases would require too much of our space; and we can still less afford to describe the particular instances of family affliction. Some of the details of bodily mutilation and disfigurement are very horrible; some of the escapes and rescues appear rather

wonderful. A boy named David Brewer lay twenty-seven hours buried in the basement, quite unhurt, having been protected by some iron pipes from the falling mass of ruins. Fifty-four persons had, on Tuesday night, been found killed or had died of their injuries; but others were still missing, and it is considered certain that sixty have perished. Some twenty or thirty are under surgical treatment. An inquest has been opened by the borough Coroner, Mr. Hutchinson; and there will be abundant evidence of the unsafe condition of the chimney, and of the fears long entertained by many of the factory workpeople. We sincerely hope that the relatives of those killed will be able to recover large pecuniary damages, either from the owner of the chimney, or from their immediate employers, for the affliction caused by what seems to be the mere result of culpable mismanagement; of no unforeseen accident, but somebody's shameful want of care.

At Plymouth, on Friday morning, a chimney of the Gasworks, 90 ft. high, fell through the roof of the rotort-house, killed one man, and injured two others. At Belfast there was a fire in Messrs. Hughes' flour-mill, and a wall fell upon four of the firemen; one was killed, and the others were dangerously injured. Inspection of factory buildings is evidently needful; and Parliament ought to pass some new law for the protection of workpeople in this respect; or Government should see that the law is enforced.

THE KIMBERLEY WATERWORKS.

Kimberley, the largest and most important township in the interior of South Africa, has come into existence within the last ten years, and is now the centre of the diamond mining industry of the province of West Griqualand, part of the Cape Colony. It has also become the entrepôt for the trade to the interior and to the Transvaal. The town and suburbs contain above two thousand houses; and the population of West Griqualand numbers 80,000, of whom 20,000 are white people. The want of water has been one of the greatest drawbacks to the successful working of the diamond-mines, and was also felt to be a sad inconvenience to the residents. The municipality of Kimberley took the matter in hand about two years ago; and, by a special Act of the Legislature, they were empowered to grant a concession, for the exclusive supply of water during a term of twenty-five years, to the Kimberley Waterworks Company. A stipulation was made, in granting this concession, that the Company must provide a supply of not less than four hundred millions of gallons per annum, and at a cost to the inhabitants of not more than twelve shillings and sixpence per thousand gallons. The Kimberley Waterworks Company have nearly completed the undertaking, and expected to deliver the water in Kimberley about the end of the year. The source of supply is the Vaal River, at a distance of seventeen miles from Kimberley; the water is raised by powerful force-pumps to the main reservoir, about 540 feet above the river level. The mains are 14-inch wrought-iron tubes. The water is pumped from the river into two large settling-tanks; it is thence pumped to the intermediate or half-way reservoir, and is, by separate sets of engines and pumps, forced into the main reservoir and filtering-beds at Kimberley. The water is there run through the town mains to the various streets and mines of Kimberley, Dutoitspan, De Beers, and Bultfontein, neighbouring stations in the Diamond Fields. The works, as now constructed, are capable of delivering six hundred million gallons of water yearly. The total cost of the works is estimated at £350,000. We give three illustrations of the Vaal River and the Kimberley Waterworks.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A biographical memoir of the Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., late Bishop of Truro, now Archbishop of Canterbury, appeared in our last week's paper. We now give his Portrait, from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, of Regent-street. In taking leave of his Cornish Diocese, he has issued a Christmas Pastoral to the clergy there, in which he thus addresses them:—"Dear Brethren in God's Ministry,—You have worked with me untrudgingly and admitted me to your intimacy ungrudgingly, and I have learnt to love every home and church and school of yours. Little justice should I do to my creed or my feelings if I did not yet once again, as often in the past, acknowledge with love and gratitude that activity for Christ's sake, that open-handedness towards all good works, that favour at beholding growing activities in the Church, which have been shown by the Wesleyans and by very many others who, nevertheless, have and use energetically organisations of their own. Where I go I have a noble, holy example before my eyes—my great predecessor in the archiepiscopal see. But how hard to follow!"

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, the Bishop of Oxford, Sir John Kennaway, M.P., and Mr. Bernard Coleridge assisted at a meeting at Ottery St. Mary last Saturday in support of a movement to raise £5000 for an hospital which has been built for the district by Mrs. Gilbert Elliott, and will be maintained by her during her lifetime, but which will have to be supported by the public at her death. Sums amounting to £600 were promised in the room.

At the Shoreditch Townhall on Monday evening last Baroness and Mr. Burdett-Coutts gave a New-Year's dinner to the tenants of the Columbia estate and the members of institutions with which her Ladyship is connected, including the old-established Columbia Costermongers' Club. Nearly 800 sat down to dinner, and the galleries were crowded with the children and friends of the guests, so that in all there were fully 2000 people present. The band of the Coldstream Guards played a selection of music during dinner, at the conclusion of which the Baroness presented each guest with New-Year's gifts from herself and Mr. Burdett-Coutts respectively, and the evening's entertainment was brought to a close with a miscellaneous concert.

The Publishers' Circular gives an analytical table of the books published in 1882, according to subjects, and distinguishing new books from new editions. The total number of books published in 1881 was 5406, as compared with 5124 in the year which has just closed. This number was made up of 3978 new books and 1146 new editions, the numbers in the preceding year having been respectively 4110 and 1296. During the past year "Juvenile Works and Tales" head the list with 987, as compared with 500 of the previous year. Next in order come "Theology, Sermons, Biblical, &c.," with 789, the number in 1881 having been 945. In 1881 the books on theological subjects far exceeded in number those which were published in any other of the classes enumerated. Next in order has been "Education, Classical, and Philological," which amounted to 682. In imaginative literature there was a striking falling off in 1882, as compared with 1881. In 1882 the number was 420, whereas in 1881 it was 674. The only subject in which 1882 exceeds its predecessor is "History and Biography," of which the total in 1882 was 452, as against 437 in 1881.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Unluckily, the first performance of "The Yellow Dwarf" at Her Majesty's Theatre resulted in disappointment to all who were present. It had been thought that the unfortunate experience of Drury Lane would not have been lost upon the active management prepared to produce another spectacular play on a large scale. Boxing Day having passed, there was really no necessity to bring out "The Yellow Dwarf" until it was ready. Here was a chance for showing what could be done in the way of discipline, system, and order. As for the public, they could well have waited for "The Yellow Dwarf," the performing elephants, and the dance of dolls, until the Pandora, in Leicester-square, opened its doors, to give us, as we hoped, a new Alhambra. But some gaffly of ill-luck, or want of judgment, stung those in authority, and the patient people were treated to an exhibition of hopeless confusion and muddle such as can only occur in connection with plays and players. Truly this has been a very unfortunate Christmas at the playhouses. The Gaiety opened the ball with a burlesque that dissatisfied the most unexact patron of that frivolous establishment. Drury Lane followed on with a pantomime that could not be worked on the first night, and a week afterwards the public was invited to see a play at Her Majesty's that wanted dozens more rehearsals before any invitations were sent out. Is it too much to say that ill-luck has little if anything to do with these constant failures? They could not occur if managers would only study more closely the conditions of success and the certainties of failure. Ninety-nine people out of every hundred in the audience at Her Majesty's could have told those who were responsible for ringing up the curtain and saying all was ready with "The Yellow Dwarf" that such a play must inevitably fail with such an indifferent band, such a perplexed conductor, with singers so voiceless, waits so tedious, and such a general demeanour of listlessness and confusion. No one seemed to know what to do or how to do it. They were all treading on one another's heels, trying to do their best, but hopelessly fogged. The audience behaved wonderfully well on each of these two disastrous occasions. People had paid their money and were evidently disappointed, but they did not vent their ill-pleasure on the management. They ridiculed the thing, and when they were tired of that they sung it off the stage. In neither of these entertainments could I trace any story that a child could follow or the slightest comic treatment of legend, however threadbare. It may be my bad taste, but Mr. Vance does not amuse me in the least degree, and the majority of his companions were lost on this huge stage, their sparkle had vanished, their voices were scarcely heard. I had hoped that Miss Marie Linden would have distinguished herself, having seen her act brightly and cleverly enough some months ago at a suburban theatre, but nervousness or ill-health kept her back, and only Miss Emma Chambers and Madame Olga Marini were able to hold their own and arrest the depression that soon stole over the whole of the audience.

Luckily, however, Mr. Alfred Thompson kept three good things in reserve; these were the dance of dolls, executed by Mlle. Rosa and the Abrahams family with excellent comic spirit; the baby performing elephants, who will delight the children with their clever and amusing antics; and that most graceful creature, Mlle. Enia, or the *mouche d'or*, who flies into the air and settles down on the ground again as softly as a flake of snow. The elephants are the funniest actors to be found on the Christmas stage. They do everything but talk. They dance, trumpet, play see-saw, and go to dinner together to a restaurant, not forgetting to pay the bill and ring the bell for the waiter. Then of course the ballets, designed by Mr. Alfred Thompson, are as beautiful as any that have preceded them, particularly the Fan Ballet in Act i. and the Demon Ballet in Act ii. It seems to me that, on the principle that we never know how good a friend a man is till we lose him, so we did not estimate at its full value the organising power of the Alhambra stage management. M. Jacobi in the orchestra and M. Bertrand on the stage were towers of strength; for what do we find now, when an attempt is made to fill a large stage with action and movement? The comparison breaks down altogether. Madame Pertoldi must have felt the difference when she was called on for an encore to her well-executed dance. She found an orchestra literally at sea at her feet. No doubt wonders have been done with "The Yellow Dwarf" since it first saw the light; and I should not be surprised to hear that "Sindbad," at Drury Lane, has been "worked up" into a success; but however much advertising managers may advocate this novel and unsatisfactory practice, and fall foul of all who take the part of the injured public, it is high time that these show plays were better rehearsed and prepared.

On Saturday next Miss Geneviève Ward will reappear at the Olympic Theatre in her famous study of the fatally-fascinating Stephanie in Mr. Merivale's powerful play, "Forget Me Not." That play has been well rehearsed, at any rate, and there will not be the slightest danger of a breakdown anywhere. Miss Lucy Buckstone will make her reappearance on the stage in the character of pretty Alice; and W. H. Vernon, Mr. David Fisher, Mr. Philip Beck, and Mrs. Leigh Murray, are all engaged. C. S.

The annual meeting of the Federation of Celtic Societies was held on Tuesday at Liverpool. The business meeting took place at the Adelphi Hotel in the afternoon, at which it was agreed that a deputation should wait upon Mr. Gladstone to bring under his notice the present condition of the Highland crofters, and to urge the necessity of a Royal Commission being appointed to inquire into the grievances complained of, with a view to remedial legislation. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Picton Lecture-Hall. Dr. Cameron, M.P., who presided, said that the evils of the present hand-to-mouth system of agriculture which prevailed in the Highlands must be obvious to everyone who had travelled through them, and such a state of things was a disgrace to the Legislature. One main cause of the grievances now complained of was the fact that the factor of the land was literally everybody. He was the trader, the banker, and sometimes even the fiscal or public prosecutor of the district; often he was a crofter himself. He interfered most arbitrarily in the affairs of the tenants, and so far did the interference of these factors go that he (the Chairman) could name an island where the men were not allowed to marry without a permit from the factor. He strongly urged the importance of prompt efficient legislation for the protection of the Highland people. Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, M.P., moved that, "In view of the serious aspect recently assumed by events in the Highlands of Scotland, and of the alarming decrease of the rural population as disclosed by the Census returns of 1831, the Federation of the Celtic Societies is of opinion that such steps ought to be immediately taken as will deliver the Highland crofters from the bondage in which they are at present held, increase the size of their holdings, relieve them from the fear of arbitrary eviction, and define their rights to the soil upon which they and their forefathers have lived from time immemorial." The resolution was adopted.

MUSIC.

We have now reached the lowest point in the temporary lull of London musical performances, the brief subsidence of which will be speedily replaced by renewed activity. The earliest performance of the year was that of "The Messiah" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on the 1st of this month, conducted by Mr. Barnby, and with the co-operation of Miss A. Williams, Madame Fasset, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley as solo vocalists; and Dr. Stainer as organist. The oratorio was finely rendered, and there was a very large attendance. Haydn's "Creation" is to be given by the society on Jan. 17.

The next musical event is the first of this year's London Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. John Boosey, this (Saturday) afternoon, when an attractive programme is offered, including the co-operation of Misses M. Davies, A. Larkcom, and Damian; Mrs. Hutchinson; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, Mr. B. Foote, and Mr. Santley, and the members of the South London Choral Society. The eminent Viennese pianist, Madame Sophie Menter, will make her first appearance this season; and Madame Norman-Néruda's refined violin playing will also be a feature.

The Popular Concerts will be resumed next Monday evening, with the twenty-first performance of the twenty-fifth series. Madame Norman-Néruda will reappear as leading violinist; and M. Pachmann will be the solo pianist for the last time this season.

Mr. Henry Holmes will begin a new series of his interesting "Musical Evenings" at the Royal Academy of Music on Jan. 24; the second concert of Mr. Willing's newly instituted choir will take place at St. James's Hall on the 30th inst. The Bach choir (directed by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt) will begin a new season on Feb. 1; on the 10th of which month the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will be resumed; the Philharmonic Society opening its seventy-first season at St. James's Hall on Feb. 15; and the resuscitated Sacred Harmonic Society beginning its new existence in the same locality on Feb. 23, Mr. Charles Hallé being the newly appointed conductor.

The next important musical specialty will be the inauguration of Mr. Carl Rosa's new series of performances of operas in English at Drury Lane Theatre on Easter Monday. Although Mr. Rosa's season will be comparatively brief, two new operas will be produced, composed expressly for him. These are "Colomba," by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, and "Esmeralda," by Mr. A. Goring Thomas. The book of the first is written by Mr. F. Hueffer, the subject being taken from M. Prosper Mérimée's celebrated tale. The libretto of Mr. Thomas's opera is by Mr. Theo. Marzials, and is founded on Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame." Besides these works, various classical and popular operas will be given by Mr. Rosa; among the former, Beethoven's "Fidelio," with Madame Marie Roze in the title character, in which she has recently gained great distinction in the provinces.

The London Musical Society (directed by Mr. Barnby) will give concerts—at St. James's Hall—this year, beginning on March 14—and will produce a new "Stabat Mater" by Dvorák, and a new Mass by Gounod.

Of this year's Italian Opera proceedings, it is not yet possible to speak with specific detail. The season will begin somewhat later than usual—we believe on May 1; and we must await the issue of Mr. Ernest Gye's prospectus before alluding to the general arrangements.

A series of nine Richter concerts will begin on May 7, and will include many important performances.

This year should bring with it the recurrence of the triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace in the summer. Of this, as of the Italian Opera, it is yet too soon to speak positively.

There will be two provincial Festivals this year—the 160th meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester, at the last-named place; and the triennial festival at Leeds—both in the autumn. For the last-named occasion Professor G. A. Macfarren is writing a new oratorio, to be entitled "King David."

The 145th anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians is to take place at St. James's Hall on March 13, Mr. Arthur Sullivan presiding.

MASONIC BENEVOLENCE.

The total income of the three English Masonic charitable institutions for the year 1882 was found on Saturday last, when the accounts were closed, to have been exceeded on one occasion only—viz., in the year 1880. In the past year the total income was £47,444, or £2317 less than in 1880. It exceeded the income of 1881 by £4150, and that of 1879 by £2861. In donations and subscriptions the Girls' School received £13,927, the Boys' School £13,614, and the Benevolent Institution £13,351. Interest, dividends, and a donation of £1200 from Grand Lodge place the Benevolent Institution at the head of the list for the year as regards income, with £16,595. Next in amount comes the Girls' School, with £15,969; and lastly, the Boys' School, with £14,879. The institutions named are voluntarily supported, and their objects are, as their several titles imply, the support of aged Masons and widows of Masons, and the education, clothing, boarding, and housing of the sons and daughters (orphans or otherwise) of Freemasons. Grand Lodge also has a fund for relieving the craft or their widows and children, and called the Fund of Benevolence; and in 1882 this lodge voted £9637 to 348 cases of distress, but in 1881 £9813 was voted to 328 cases. In both years the lodge exceeded the income of the fund, and consequently had to draw on its invested capital.

A return has been made by Mr. B. Scott, Chamberlain of the city of London, of the sums expended by the Corporation for markets, educational purposes, and other expenditure during the last ten years for the public benefit on various accounts. From this return it appears that on Billingsgate Market £29,981 was expended in 1849 for rebuilding, and from 1871 to 1880 for the enlargement of site and extension £272,000. The total expenditure upon markets from 1849 to the present time has been £2,943,778, but of this it must be said that it is not wholly unproductive. On education the expenditure has been considerable. On the City of London School, for which £900 per annum has been provided from charitable funds, the Corporation from 1835 to the present time have expended £257,962, or at the rate of nearly £5400 per annum, including the cost of building and furnishing the schools. On the Freeman's Orphan School, on middle-class education, musical education, and technical education, they have expended £101,138. Within the past ten years they have expended on providing open spaces, Epping Forest, Burnham Beeches, commons, &c., a total of £308,985; while for other public purposes has been expended—on the Free Library £74,517, on the Central Criminal Court £60,941, and other amounts for sanitary purposes, &c., including £29,618 for charitable grants and making a total of £537,670.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 2.

M. Gambetta died on Sunday night, just five minutes before the death of the old year, 1882. In spite of the mystery with which the long malady of M. Gambetta has been surrounded, and in spite of the absurdly vague bulletins issued by the doctors, it was known as early as last Wednesday that the patient was condemned. The announcement of his death in the papers on New-Year's Day did not, therefore, cause great surprise. Indeed, anyone who remembered the emotion excited by the news of the death of Thiers and by the elections of 1876 could not help remarking the comparative indifference of the public. Even in the faubourgs and at Belleville the event was discussed without any excitement. Can it be that France has profited by the advice of Anacharsis Clootz, who bade her get cured of individuals? One thing is certain, that, by friends and foes alike, M. Gambetta's career is examined with great calmness; his organisation of the national defence in 1871 is equally praised and blamed; his organisation of the anti-clerical campaign is more blamed than praised. Many consider his death a good thing for France, because M. Gambetta, with his ideas of revenge, his ardent character, and his great power of initiative, was a constant danger for the peace of Europe. In short, M. Gambetta has died either too soon or too late. We have seen the patriot at work. We have judged the orator and pronounced him to have the rarest physical charm of voice and gesture. But the politician we hardly know; for in the brief existence of the famous Grand Ministry M. Gambetta hardly had a fair trial. For Gambetta, as for Mirabeau, the thread of life broke before he was able to give his full measure. His short life was devoured by a series of exceptional events, and by three successive and sustained struggles against the Empire, against the German invaders, and, between 1871 and 1877, against a coalition of the old parties who threatened the Republic. Now, at his death, Gambetta leaves that Republic founded, it is true, but without traditions, without constitution, without system, and in a state of health which many consider feeble.

President Grévy, in receiving the President of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies yesterday at the Elysée, expressed deep regret at the death of M. Gambetta. The reception was very largely attended.

The end of 1882 was altogether tragic. On Saturday the Austrian Ambassador, the Count Félix de Wimpffen, shot himself with a revolver in the Avenue Marceau. M. de Wimpffen was sent to Paris to succeed the Comte de Beust only a few months ago. His suicide was as unexpected as it is inexplicable. I do not repeat any of the explanations volunteered by the newspapers, for the simple reason that they are utterly without foundation.

The New Year has begun with sunny and spring-like weather. Yesterday Paris was simply perfumed with flowers. In elegant society, flowers are more and more tending to replace stupid boxes of bonbons. Bunches of white lilac, mimosa, or roses were the favourite presents this year.—A new comic opera, "Ninetta," with music by M. Raoul Pugno, has been brought out at the Renaissance, without success, in spite of admirable acting.—The French criminal tribunal has once more tacitly authorised duelling when conducted according to the usual rules. M. Dichard, who killed M. de Massas last September in a duel originating in a journalistic quarrel, was acquitted last week by the Assize Court of the Seine, all the witnesses having testified that the engagement had been perfectly loyal.

T. C.

Yesterday week the Italian Senate approved the Parliamentary Oaths Bill by 105 votes to 12, after which the sittings were prorogued to the 12th.

King Alfonso has received an address from the Cortes congratulating him upon the birth of a daughter and the recent accession of Deputies to the Monarchy. In reply his Majesty expressed the satisfaction of both himself and the Queen, and promised to teach their daughters the profound affection which they themselves felt for the Spanish nation.

The Portuguese Cortes were opened on Tuesday. It was announced in the Royal Speech that negotiations were being carried on with England as to the limits of some of the Portuguese territories in Africa. Electoral reform and a revision of the Constitution were announced as measures which the Government would propose.—Senhor J. d'Andrade Corvo, Portuguese Minister at the Spanish Court, has been appointed Vice-President of the Portuguese House of Peers.

The German Emperor and Empress on Monday, after attending service at the Cathedral, received at the Palace the New-Year congratulations of the Imperial and Royal Household, the Generals, headed by Count von Moltke, and the Princes and Dukes not of the Royal blood. Among these was Prince Bismarck, who, after congratulating the Emperor, drove to the palace of the Crown Prince. The Emperor afterwards received the Diplomatic Body, and repeatedly expressed his thorough confidence in the maintenance of peace.

The Emperor of Austria has returned to Pesth, to spend the New-Year's holidays with the Court at the Castle of Ofen. The Crown Prince and Princess have also left Vienna for Buda-Pesth.—M. Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, received on Monday the congratulations of the Liberal party, and in reply to them said he could only repeat what he had already said in the Lower House, that he saw no grounds to apprehend that peace would not be maintained during the year now commencing. One of the principal objects of the Government in the future, as in the past, would be to seek allies, not for the purposes of war, but for the preservation of peace.

President Arthur's New-Year reception proceeded in the usual form until shortly after noon. The Diplomatic Corps had presented their congratulations, headed by their *doyen*, the Hawaiian Minister, Mr. Elisha Adams. They had then withdrawn; when Mr. Adams, while putting on his overcoat in the robing-room, fell, and died soon afterwards of aneurism of the heart. The reception was immediately suspended, the music stopped, and the guests were dismissed. Mr. Adams was a native of Massachusetts, and was aged seventy-eight.—The Senate has passed the Civil Service Reform Bill.—The emigrants arriving in New York last year were 473,642, against 441,064 in the previous year. The chief contributors were Germany, 176,685; Ireland, 48,734; Sweden, 39,581; England, 36,080; Italy, 23,819; and Russia, 15,137.

The state of the crops in Manitoba and the Canadian North-West during last season appears to have been most satisfactory, judging from last returns just received. These returns were chiefly collected through the agency of the postmasters in the various districts; and, although they do not represent the whole area of country under cultivation, they are sufficient to show the really wonderful fertility of the soil.

The *Standard* correspondent at Durban telegraphs that the British Resident in Zululand has notified the chiefs and headmen that all the appointments made by Sir Garnet Wolseley have been cancelled, John Dunn having, among others, been reduced to the position of headman. Vigorous

protests have been made against the new decrees, and some of the chiefs have refused to build kraals for Cetewayo. Usibepu declines to abdicate, and declares that he shall hold the British Government to their agreement.

Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ship Peterborough, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in September last.

The Agent-General for Victoria has received a telegraphic despatch from the Treasurer of the Colony, Sir Bryan O'Loughlin, Bart., giving the results of the financial returns of the Colony to the end of the year 1882. The revenue for the year amounted to £5,697,000, being an increase over the revenue for 1881 of £268,000. The revenue for the quarter ending the last day of the year was £1,452,000, being £76,000 of increase over the corresponding quarter of last year. The revenue from Customs and Excise for the year amounted to £2,334,000, being an increase of £183,000 over 1881. Railways and Public Works yielded an income of £1,911,000 for the year, being an increase of £119,000 over the previous year. The Postal and Telegraph Service yielded £312,000, being an increase of £27,000 over the income yielded from the same sources in 1881.—The first match between the Hon. Ivo Bligh's cricket team and the Australian Eleven was commenced at Melbourne on Monday and finished on Tuesday, the English winning by nine wickets.—Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ship Peterborough, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in September last.

A fact has just been made known which throws a pleasing light on the relation of master and servant in Germany. As a reward for long and faithful discharge of duty by domestic servants the Empress some time ago instituted a special distinction known as the "Golden Cross." This decoration is only bestowed on women who have served in the same family for forty years and upwards. Within the past six years 893 have obtained the coveted distinction.

Further results of the French Census of Dec. 18, 1881, are given in the *Journal Officiel*. Of the total population, 18,650,000 are males and 18,750,000 females; 1,000,000 are foreigners, and 22,400,000 are resident in the parish in which they were born; 18,200,000 belong to the agricultural population, 9,300,000 to the manufacturing classes, 3,800,000 to the commercial classes, 1,600,000 to the liberal professions. There are 2,150,000 living exclusively on their independent fortunes or pensions. Another interesting portion of these figures is that relating to the civil conditions of the population. The number of married men is 7,520,000, and of married women 7,503,000. There are 1,025,000 widowers and 1,964,000 widows, and 10,110,000 single males and 9,280,000 single females.

THE COURT.

The last Council of the past year was held by the Queen on Thursday week at Osborne, when Sir Charles Dilke was sworn in a member of the Privy Council, and kissed hands on his appointment as President of the Local Government Board; and Parliament was commanded to reassemble on Feb. 15. Previously to the Council the Earl of Kimberley had delivered up the seals of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which were transferred to the Right Hon. J. G. Dodson, late President of the Local Government Board. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with their children, concluded their Christmas visit the next day, and left for London. The Duke before his departure, on behalf of her Majesty, visited at Netley Hospital Captain Cumberland, of the Black Watch, who was dangerously wounded at Tel-el-Kebir; and he also went to Southsea to see Captain Fisher, who was invalided from command of the *Inflexible*. Lord Rowton arrived on a visit. Divine service was performed on Sunday by the Dean of Windsor at Osborne, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice being present. The Dean joined the Royal dinner circle. New-Year's gifts were distributed by the Queen on Monday to the servants of the Royal household. Princess Beatrice accompanied her Majesty to the steward's room and to the servants' hall, in each of which was a Christmas-tree, from which her Majesty took the presents, handing one to each servant. Captain the Hon. Robert Drummond, Seaforth Highlanders (commanding the Queen's Guard at East Cowes). Lord Rowton, who had been on a visit at Osborne for several days, left on Tuesday. Drives to various parts of the island have been taken by her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, including Newport and West Cowes. The usual distribution of beef and coals to the poor of Windsor and the adjacent parishes was made on New-Year's Day in the Riding-school at Windsor Castle, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught being present. The band of the Coldstream Guards played in the morning near the Lancaster Tower, in which are their Royal Highness's apartments.

The Prince of Wales returned to Sandringham last Saturday, from visiting Mr. H. Villebois at Marham House; and subsequently his Royal Highness, with the Princess, and Princes Albert Victor and George, hunted with the West Norfolk hounds, the meet being at Narboro Contract. On Sunday all the Royal family at Sandringham attended Divine service at the parish church, the Rector, with the Rev. Canon Duckworth, officiating. On Monday the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princes Albert Victor and George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, hunted with the West Norfolk hounds, the field meeting at Congham Hall. Their Royal Highnesses have entertained a large party during the week, including Prince and Princess Christian and their sons, Princes Christian, Victor, and Albert, and Count Gleichen, with Countess Feodore Gleichen and Count A. Gleichen. A private catalogue of the 134 shorthorns belonging to the Prince at Sandringham has just been issued. It is announced that the herds can be seen upon a written application being made to Mr. Beck at Sandringham.

The Queen has conferred the honour of the Order of the Garter upon the Duke of Grafton.

It is officially notified in the *Gazette* that the Queen has granted the dignities of a Viscount and an Earl of the United Kingdom to the Lord Chancellor, as Viscount Wolmer, of Blackmoor, in the county of Southampton, and Earl of Selborne, in the said county.

Lord Napier of Magdala has been created a Field Marshal, on retirement from the active duties of his profession.

The Queen has granted to Mr. William Alexander Lindsay the office of Portcullis Pursuivant of Arms, vacant by the promotion of Mr. Arthur Staunton Larken to the office of Richmond Herald.

Mr. Caton Woodville, who is in Egypt, making studies for battle pictures in connection with the recent campaign, has been honoured by receiving a commission by telegram from her Majesty to paint the storming of Tel-el-Kebir for the Royal collection.

Upper Castle-street, after the Chimney fell.



FALL OF A FACTORY CHIMNEY AT BRADFORD: SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.



"Music's melting, mystic lay."—THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

Like 1882, the new year opens with the Bank rate at 5 per cent. This is above the average, but so has been all recent experience in regard to money, and, in spite of many indications to the contrary, it would, I think, be rash to look for much change at present. Of this depositors with the banks will not complain. All through 1882 they did well. The average Bank rate was £4 2s. 8d. per cent, and not since 1873, exactly ten years, has such an average been reached. In that year it was 4½, while in 1874 it was 3½, in 1875 3½, in 1876 2½, in 1877 2½, in 1878 3½, in 1879 2½, in 1880 2½, and in 1881 3½. The average deposit rate was in the past year 3½, a rate which compares well with what the best investments return. The mercantile classes, as users of the money of others as well as of their own, do not find much satisfaction in the monetary experience of 1882, though no real hardship has been endured. The successive figures of the Bank rate are that there were first five weeks of 5 per cent, then three weeks of 6 per cent, then two weeks of 5 per cent, then two weeks of 4 per cent, then twenty-one weeks of 3 per cent, then four weeks of 4 per cent, and, finally, fifteen weeks of 5 per cent, making six changes in all.

It ought to follow from this high value of money that the Bank dividends will show some advance, or at least that the amounts set aside to reserve or to be carried forward will be greater than usual. In the first half of 1882 the increased prosperity was turned into the latter channel, and it will not be surprising if in most cases a similar course is taken in regard to the half-year which closed on Saturday last. But before these lines are read sufficient of the banks will have made their announcements, and the subject will be beyond conjecture. More interest is taken in the railway dividends; and they are not only more remote, but are dependent upon so many circumstances, some of which are unknown to outsiders, that forecasting is difficult in most cases. Yet working out the probable results has attractions for many, and of the estimates so far made one authority reckons for a decline of 1½ per cent per annum in the Brighton rate, 1 in the South Eastern, and ½ in the Great Northern, while an increase is counted upon of 1 in the Sheffield rate, ½ in the Great Western, ½ in the London and South Western, ½ in the North Eastern, ½ in the Great Eastern, and ½ in the London and North Western.

Certain groups of investors are concerned in the depreciation which has overtaken their property. The many holders of La Plata mining shares, for example, have been quite staggered by a fall from upwards of £2 to about £1. The cause is well known. The company paid monthly dividends of 9 per cent per annum, and with 1882 the rate was advanced to 12. But, after the payment in July last, the company (which is purely American, and practically outside of all control from this side), announced that in future the dividends would be paid quarterly. In October last such a dividend was paid; but now that another is due it is made known that no dividend can be paid on this occasion. The shares are of 10 dols., fully paid; and, while they have rarely been above par, they were in 1881, as now, as low as £1. The responsibility for the introduction of these shares to this market rests upon well-known names.

Another set of shareholders—namely, those of the Canada North-West Land Company (Limited)—have also been much disturbed of late; but in this case the cause, or causes, are very different. In connection with the speculative excitement in Canada in regard to all land projects, an undue preponderance of the shares of this company were subscribed for and allotted in Canada; and as the establishment of the company was contemporaneous with the height of the inflation, the reaction caught the weak and speculative holders of the new shares at an awkward time. The result was a pressure to sell, followed, of course, by a fall in the price. This has given speculators a chance of impugning the goodness of all Canadian Land Shares, and old and new companies have alike suffered in consequence. But Canada is where it was a year ago; and not only is the land still there, but the population, cultivated area, and volume of trade are steadily increasing, while the Canadian Pacific Railway is being constructed, and promises to be completed, without a public issue of stock or bond here. With such conditions there may be inflation and reaction, but the future must be as safe as anything in this world can be.

T. S.

THE DUET.

"Music's melting, mystic lay," to quote the Ettrick Shepherd, is the motto appended to the Artist's drawing of this agreeable scene, in which two ladies, the one at her pianoforte, the other with her violin, harmoniously combine to entrance the sense and the soul of any listener in that drawing-room, who has an ear to hear withal. The use of the violin by ladies is now coming more and more into favour; and it seems likely that the superior delicacy of finger-touch, in the female sex, and the lengthened reach or sweep of the right arm with the bow, may give them a certain advantage with that rather difficult instrument. The example of Madame Norman-Néruda, and several other distinguished performers, show that the highest possible degree of skill is attainable by women, equally with men; and it has long since been decided that there is nothing unfeminine in the gesture and attitude of a violin-player; on the contrary, the movements of the right arm must be pronounced more graceful than those of any other instrumental performance. We hope, therefore, by this illustration, to encourage the study and practice which will give occasion to many future duets, trios, quartets, and other musical amateur combinations, doing justice to the great store of beautiful compositions, so arranged, by the Italian and German masters of this delightful art.

THE LIFE-BOAT SERVICES IN 1882.

The life-boats of the National Life-Boat Institution are stationed on all parts of the coasts of the United Kingdom, which extend over 5000 miles, and the success which attended the exertions of the crews in the year just closed was characterised, as in previous years, by an amount of bravery and perseverance which reflects the highest credit on them. A long list of the services rendered by the life-boats in the past year (which we regret we cannot find space for) gives a total of 731 lives saved by the institution's life-boats, besides 23 vessels saved from destruction and brought safely into port. In addition to these services, the life-boats were called out during the year, in reply to signals of distress, 98 times, when no positive results followed. During the year the institution also granted rewards for rescuing 143 lives by fishing and other boats, making 874 lives saved last year mainly through its instrumentality. Altogether, since its formation, the society has contributed to the saving of 29,600 shipwrecked persons.

The Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Leeds, the Marquis of Northampton, and Admiral Sir A. H. Hoskins, of the Naval Reserve, have joined the National Refuge Harbours Society.

MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

"Woodman, spare that tree," is a song that supplies a seasonable warning to the Prime Minister, who, notwithstanding his advanced age, occupied himself on Boxing Day in tree-felling in Hawarden Park, and had a slight attack of lumbago in consequence. Happily, Mr. Gladstone was better by Friday, Dec. 29, when his seventy-third birthday brought to Hawarden Castle many congratulatory messages, one cordial cablegram coming all the way from Australia. We are glad to hear the right hon. gentleman has now recovered from the effects of his recent chill. The Premier will need even all his extraordinary energy to carry out the programme prepared for him by his enthusiastic supporters in Edinburgh. It is almost a second Midlothian Campaign that is before Mr. Gladstone this month. He is to arrive in Edinburgh on Monday, the 15th inst., and will be the guest of Lord and Lady Rosebery at Dalmeny. All the tickets have already been allotted for the grand banquet at which Mr. Gladstone is to be entertained in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange; and his constituents in Dalkeith, West Calder, and Edinburgh are looking forward with Scottish zest and interest to the public meetings, which their illustrious member has promised to address.

Mr. Gladstone is gradually filling the gaps caused by the recent Ministerial changes. An admirable successor to Sir Charles Dilke as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs has been secured in Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, who has an intimate knowledge of the Eastern Question and Continental politics. As the new Secretary for India is in the House of Lords, it has become necessary for Lord Enfield to resign the position of Under-Secretary. An additional reason for wonderment at this particular shuffling of the Ministerial pack has thus been supplied. It has been a source of national satisfaction that Mr. Fawcett has so far recovered from his dangerous attack of diphtheria and fever that he will shortly be able to move to the seaside. As far as the public is concerned, the succession of the Postmaster-General to the Secretaryship for India would have been a more popular appointment than that of Lord Kimberley.

Discreet reticence on the Egyptian Question has been the most noteworthy feature of the various speeches made by Sir Charles Dilke in West London during the past week to show cause why he should be re-elected for Chelsea. The keynote was struck at the lively meeting in the handsome Townhall of Kensington on Mr. Gladstone's birthday. Lord Kensington travelled from a remote part of Wales to preside over this gathering; and the noble Lord performed his functions in that capacity with the tact that might be expected from a Ministerial "whip." With the utmost heartiness did this large meeting send Mr. Gladstone a telegraphic greeting, wishing him "Many Happy Returns of the Day!" Happier than usual on such occasions were the terse speeches in which Mr. Firth, M.P., and Mr. Mundella, M.P., congratulated Chelsea on the entrance of the senior member for the borough into the Cabinet as President of the Local Government Board. Mr. Mundella, indeed, set Sir Charles Dilke a timely example of how to endow the dry facts of a Parliamentary measure with some little of the flesh and blood of poor humanity. As a consequence, may be, Sir Charles Dilke, with all the blushing honours of a visit to the Queen fresh upon him, was certainly less arid than usual in paying adieux to Earl Granville and his "dear" colleagues of the Foreign Office; and in briefly indicating the domestic measures he might be called upon to deal with in the coming Session of Parliament. These will probably be the bills relating to the better government of London, to the formation of County Boards, to the revision of the Bankruptcy Laws, and to the prevention of bribery at elections. The right hon. Baronet also hoped that one of the Grand Committees would codify the Criminal Law; and confidently looked forward to the action of the new Procedure Rules to quicken legislation with regard to the equalisation of the County and Borough franchise, the redistribution of seats, and the other reforms that demanded the prompt attention of the House of Commons. In the same judicious strain has Sir Charles Dilke spoken at the various other meetings, each of which has passed a vote of confidence in the right hon. gentleman.

The late M. Gambetta had no firmer friend in England than Sir Charles Dilke. It was but appropriate, accordingly, that Sir Charles Dilke should be the first English Minister to express the general regret felt in this country at the news of M. Gambetta's death. This the new President of the Local Government Board did in characteristically calm, earnest words at the Chelsea Vestry-Hall on Monday night. Sir Charles Dilke said of Mr. Gambetta that, "Certainly there was no foreign people for whom he had a higher respect and regard than the inhabitants of England. All, I think, of whatever party, have admired the magnitude of his courage, his tremendous energy, his splendid oratory, and, those who knew him in private, his unmatched gaiety and sparkling wit."

When Parliament assembles, on Feb. 15, a familiar figure will be absent from the House of Commons. By the death of the Earl of Wemyss, Lord Elcho succeeds to the title, and will be a notable addition to the band of effective debaters on the Conservative side of the House of Lords.

In Scotland, the Earl of Rosebery and Mr. Herbert Gladstone were last Saturday to be found staring at a Peebles meeting, held to celebrate the Prime Minister's political jubilee. Lord Rosebery's smartest point was this paraphrase of Swift, aimed at the projectors of the new Conservative magazine:—

Here is proof of the Tory cause. Here Tory wit is seen.

When nought is left that's worth defence, they found a magazine.

Poor Mr. Biggar! Troubles on Trouble's head accumulate for him. Committed for trial at Waterford on Tuesday for using seditious language, he finds himself face-to-face with his breach of promise case!

THE ORDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

The *Gazette* states that the Queen has appointed the following to be Companions of the Order of the Indian Empire:—

His Excellency Ali Kuli Khan, the Mukhtar-ed-Dowleh, Minister of Science to the Shah of Persia; His Highness Anund Rao Puar, Maharajah of Dhar, K.C.S.I.; Mr. Henry Christopher Mance, Indo-European Telegraph Department; Mr. Henry George Keene, Bengal Civil Service, District Sessions Judge Saharunpur Meerut Division; Surgeon-Major James Edward Tierney Aitchison, M.D., Indian Medical Department, Bengal; Mohendro Lal Sircar; Nawab Abdul Latif, Deputy Magistrate, Calcutta; Raghunath Marayan Khote, member of the Bombay Municipal Corporation and Town Council; Syed Bakir Ali Khan, Jaghirdar in the Bulandshahr District; Major Oliver Probyn, Bombay Invalid Establishment Superintendent of Police, Commandant of the Khandeish Blue Corps; Captain Claude Clerk, Madras Army (retired), tutor to the Nizam of Hyderabad; Mr. Charles Purdon Clarke; and Surgeon-Major George Bidie, M.B., Indian Medical Department, Madras Superintendent of Central Museum at Madras.

Lady Charlotte Schreiber, wife of Mr. Charles Schreiber, M.P., has presented to the Mayor and Corporation of Poole a handsome silver loving-cup for the use of the Corporation at their municipal and public entertainments.

CHURCH.

PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

Addenbrooke, J. G., Curate of Holy Trinity, Burton-on-Trent; Vicar of St. Luke's, Wolverhampton.
Armstrong, J. B., Curate of Hendon, N.W.; Private Chaplain to Sir Walkin Williams-Wynn, Bart., M.P.
Bennett, G. T., Curate of St. John the Evangelist's, St. George's-in-the-East; St. Antholin's Lecturer.
Booth, John William Watney, Perpetual Curate of South Darley.
Brane, John, Organising Secretary of the Additinal Curates' Society; Vicar of St. Peter's, Manchester.
Caldicott, J. W., Head Master of Bristol Grammar School; Rector of Shipston-on-Stour.
Corfield, W. B., late Rector of Longford, Salop; Rector of Llangatlock, Aberystwyth.
Cornish, J. C., Vicar of Debenham, Suffolk; Rector of Childrey, Berkshire.
Creighton, M., Vicar of Embleton; Honorary Canon of the Cathedral Church of Newcastle.
Dandy, Henry Edward, Vicar of Bream.
Douglas-Hamilton, H. A., Vicar of East Witton, Yorkshire; Vicar of Winslow, Bucks.
Fletcher, William Henry, Perpetual Curate of Holy Trinity, Shrewsbury.
Fox, Archibald; Rector of Desford, Leicestershire.
Grisewood, A. G., Curate of Blockley; Rector of Daylesford.
Hey, William C., Vicar of St. Olave's, York.
Hirst, J., Organising Secretary to the Liverpool Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society.
Hutchinson, Thomas Neville, Natural Science Master of Rugby School; Vicar of Broad Chalke, Wilts.
King, W., Rector of Leigh; Honorary Canon in St. Alban's Cathedral.
Leary, Dr., Vicar of St. Philip's, Southwark.
Lomas, George, Curate of St. Stephen's, Haslingden; Vicar of St. Thomas's, Musbury.
Luard, T. G., Vicar of Stansted-Mountfitchet; Honorary Canon in St. Alban's Cathedral.
Thompson, Walter Jeffrey; Perpetual Curate of Christ Church, Stone.
Tordiffe, S. afford; Rector of Staplegrave.
White, D. J., Vicar of West Butterwick; Surrogate for the Diocese of Lincoln.—*Guardian*.

Watch-Night services were held in many of the churches of the metropolis on Sunday night.

The Convocation of the Province of York will assemble for the transaction of business on April 3.

The fund for raising a memorial to the late Dean Wellesley now amounts to £1900. The amount still required is £213.

On St. Thomas's Day the Church of All Saints, Nettleham, near Lincoln, was reopened after restoration by Messrs. Bodley and Garner.

A magnificent monument which has been erected in Kildown church, Kent, to the memory of Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope, was unveiled on Christmas Day.

The Bishop of London on Thursday week consecrated the Church of St. Thomas, Godolphin-road, Shepherd's-bush, in the presence of a large congregation.

Yesterday week being Innocents' Day the special service for children was held as usual at Westminster Abbey, where the service was preached by the Rev. Canon Rowsell.

A meeting of the clergy and laity of the diocese of Norwich was held last week in support of the Pusey Memorial Fund, the Dean of Norwich presiding. A committee to assist in the collection of funds was appointed.

The Queen has appointed the Rev. Samuel Rolles Driver, M.A., to be Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford, and a Canon of the cathedral church of Christ, in the said University.

A beautiful three-light Munich window (from the studios of Messrs. Mayer and Co.) has been placed in Greystoke church, near Penrith, in memory of the Rev. H. A. Askew, fifty-four years Rector of the parish.

Yesterday week the tower of the parish church at Freckenham, near Mildenhall, fell. The tower was a square one, and contained five bells, which were rung as usual at Christmas-time. No one was injured.

The parish church of St. John, Yealand Conyers, near Carnforth, on the beautiful shores of Morecambe Bay, was reopened on Christmas Eve, after enlargement and improvement.

Yesterday week a lady was solemnly set apart to be deaconess by the Bishop of London in the chapel of the Diocesan Home at Westbourne Park. Several ladies trained at the Home have been consecrated to this office during the past year; but the need of more workers willing to devote themselves to the life is very great.

Canon Stubbs will be in residence at St. Paul's Cathedral during January and will preach on Sunday afternoons. The Bishop of London will be the special preacher at the evening service on the first Sunday in the month. The special evening services at Westminster Abbey will be resumed at the beginning of Lent.

Several huge gaps having, during the past few days, shown themselves in the walls of the great central tower of Peterborough Cathedral, Mr. J. L. Pearson was telegraphed for, and, after inspecting the building, condemned the tower as unsafe. The Dean and Chapter have given orders to have it removed immediately, as there is danger of falling at any time. The tower was built in 1350.

A school church in connection with the new district of St. Stephen's, Upton Park, was opened on St. Stephen's Day, the preacher being the Archdeacon of Southwark. The new district has been formed out of the parishes of West and East Ham, Plaistow, and Forest-gate, and contains a population of over 4000, increasing at the rate of 1000 a year. The site for the permanent church, schools, and vicarage has been presented by Mr. J. Matthews, of Plasket House.

The Bishop of Lichfield, in his pastoral, expresses the hope that the sounds of party strife are dying away, and that peace has been advanced through the intervention of Archbishop Tait. His Lordship holds that in his room a truly noble Archbishop has been chosen. He considers the great danger of the clergy is to forget the grandeur of their work, and he desires that this year should be one of special Evangelistic effort, adapted to the wants of different localities.

The west window of Henley-in-Arden church has been filled with stained glass at the cost of Mr. John Cooke and Mrs. Sarah Heynes, in memory of their parents, John and Sarah Cooke. The work has been executed by Messrs. Wailes and Strang, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.—A painted window has been placed in the chancel of Brettenham, Suffolk, by Miss Parker, of Upper Norwood, in memory of her late brother, the Rev. Charles Parker, formerly a Chaplain in Bengal, and for some years curate of the parish. Amongst other offerings on Christmas Day were three sets of palls of the Sarum colours for the eucharistic vessels, from the Rev. C. J. Betham, Rector, and members of his family; and a valuable old Baskett Bible of 1716, recovered from a state of great dilapidation, and made available for use at the lectern.

The close of the case *Belt v. Lawes* was not announced in some of our early impressions last week. After forty-three days devoted to evidence, counter-evidence and rebutting evidence, to prolonged speeches by counsel and a protracted summing-up by the Judge, the jury decided in favour of the plaintiff, awarding him, as compensation, five thousand pounds damages. An application for a new trial is to be made.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

The sporting obituary of last year was unusually heavy, and scarcely has 1882 well begun before we have to record, with deep regret, the death of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington. His Lordship had been in a very unsatisfactory state of health for the last two or three years, and, after a lingering illness, succumbed to pleuro-pneumonia on Tuesday morning, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Lord Stamford owned a few horses of little note prior to 1859, but it was in that year that his colours began to take a prominent place on the turf. Little Lady, one of the speediest fillies ever foaled, was the first to bring them into notice, and her owner was accustomed to "plunge" on her quite in Marquis of Hastings fashion. In 1860, the purchase of Rupee enabled Lord Stamford to secure the Ascot Cup, and, in the same year, Philomela and Walloon did the stable good service. The following seasons saw Imaus, King of Hearts, and Newcastle all to the fore at Northampton; but though the first-named started a great favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas, he had no chance with his stable-companion, Diophantus, who won in a common canter, and afterwards ran third to Kettledrum and Dundee for the Derby. Cerintha landed a great stake by her victory in the Althorp Park Stakes at Northampton in 1862, and during that and the following year Lady Augusta, Blackcock, Bertha, King of Hearts, Livingstone, Onesander, Avenger, Cambuscan, Ellerton, and others were all more or less successful. The failure of Limosina to win either the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire in 1863 was a great disappointment to the Earl; and, as he had strong suspicions of foul play in connection with the latter race, the sale of his entire stock was advertised. As, however, Archimedes and Cambuscan were bought in at long prices, it became evident that he did not intend to sever his connection with the Turf. Neither of the above-mentioned horses quite fulfilled the expectations that had been formed of them, for Cambuscan's "lot was not a happy one" in having to meet such a horse as Blair Athol—to say nothing of General Peel, Scottish Chief, and Ely—in the classic events; whilst Archimedes, though he did get to Gladiateur's head in the Guineas, was not really within many pounds of the mighty Frenchman. After this time the fortunes of the "light blue, black and gold belt" waned sadly, and, for the next five years, only Vale Royal, Charnwood, and Normanby, and one or two others were able to carry the colours with any credit. Little more, indeed, was seen of them on the turf until recently, when Porter had a few horses of Lord Stamford's under his care, and the fortunate purchase of Geheimnis resulted in an Oaks victory. Lord Stamford was an enthusiastic patron of cricket, and was himself a fine player in his day. He was also Master of the Quorn for some six years, during which the famous hunt was carried on in a style of completeness that has seldom been equalled. Nor did he neglect the kindred sports of angling, coursing, and shooting, and may be fairly set down as a fine type of an all-round sportsman.

Except for the victory of Liberator, who has for years been "past mark of mouth," in the chief steeplechase at Manchester, the racing there requires no comment, and we may pass on to the sale of the late Mr. Gretton's horses, which attracted an enormous concourse of spectators to Albert Gate on New-Year's Day. The juveniles did not make much money, the best prices being paid for My Lud and Eastern Emperor, each of whom was knocked down for 650 gs. Acrostic, whose form last season was very fair, fell to Mr. Alfred Brisco's bid of 1400 gs.; and 1100 gs. did not seem a high price for Geologist, who has never run since he finished second to Iroquois in the Leger of 1881. Those gay deceivers, Prestonpans (1500 gs.) and Fernandez (800 gs.), made quite enough money; and little real interest seemed to be felt in the sale until Isonomy was led into the ring. "One of the best horses of the century" was the way in which Mr. Tattersall introduced him, and no one will be found to say that the description was exaggerated. A rare fight took place for him, the foreigners being especially anxious to buy him, and when the hammer at length fell to Mr. Crawford's bid of 9000 gs., there was a tremendous burst of cheering, which was renewed again and again. The proceeds of the entire sale were rather more than twice that sum.

IRELAND.

Mr. Johnson, Q.C., M.P., Attorney-General for Ireland, has accepted a seat on the Bench; Mr. Porter becomes Attorney-General, and Mr. Naish—who is a candidate for Mallow, the seat vacated by the new Judge—is appointed Solicitor-General.

The appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the administration, discipline, and condition of prisons in Ireland is announced in the *Gazette*. Sir Richard Cross, M.P., is the chairman; the other commissioners being the Hon. W. St. John F. Brodrick, Mr. E. R. Wodehouse, Dr. R. M'Donnell, Dr. G. Sigerson, Mr. N. D. Murphy, and Mr. T. A. Alexander. Major A. B. M'Hardy is appointed Secretary.

A meeting of the Organisation Committee of the Irish National League was held at Dublin on Wednesday. Several members of Parliament attended. The hon. secretary, Mr. Harrington, announced the receipt since the last meeting of over £300, and the formation of one hundred new branches. The total receipts since the formation of the league are £1200, and the total number of branches formed, 300. A central branch, the annual membership subscription of which is fixed at £1, was formed, and thirty members elected. The meeting was not open to the representatives of the press.

At a National League meeting in the county of Wicklow on Sunday Mr. Lalor, M.P., said he always liked to be surrounded by fighting men. He claimed to know what was passing through the minds of the youth of Ireland, who knew that the day must come when they will have to use that sort of force which every other country that obtained its freedom was obliged to have recourse to. He added that their work was not to be done by timid men, and he urged them to organise. Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., also spoke at the same meeting. At the meeting at Mallow Mr. Sexton, M.P., violently denounced the system of governing Ireland in England.

Mr. Biggar, M.P., was on Tuesday committed for trial, at Waterford Assizes, on a charge of delivering a seditious speech on Dec. 18 last. Bail was accepted.

Patrick Delany was put upon his trial in Dublin on Tuesday for attempting to seditiously incite Judge Lawson. After the hearing of the opening statement Mr. Justice O'Brien held that the evidence would not sustain the charge. Delany was on Wednesday morning put on his trial for conspiracy to murder, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

Timothy Macdermott, ex-suspect, was charged at Ballymote, county Sligo, on Monday with using seditious language calculated to bring her Majesty's Judges and trial by jury into contempt. It was stated that at a meeting held lately in Ballymote to form a branch of the National League, he had said that innocent blood was shed on the scaffold by partisan Judges and drunken jurors. He was committed for trial.

Three Emergency bailiffs were attacked at Upper Church, county Tipperary, by an armed party. The bailiffs fired, and one of their assailants was shot dead.

A National League meeting announced to be held at Gurteen, Athenry, was proclaimed by the Lord Lieutenant. Other meetings announced have also been proclaimed.

John Sheridan, jun., an ex-suspect, of Costri, Ballinamore, county Leitrim, was murdered on Tuesday night in the public road at Aghoo, about two miles from Ballinamore. The deceased had recently been evicted from his holding, but the cause of the murder has not yet been ascertained. He had two bullet wounds in his head. Two men who it is believed attacked the deceased have been arrested.

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

Mr. J. Fowler, C.E., of Sheffield, has stated that the chief span of the proposed bridge over the Humber is to be 600 feet.

In consideration of the continued depression in agriculture, the Duke of Newcastle has again returned his tenants 20 per cent of their rent.

Mr. Robertson Smith has accepted the Professorship of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, vacant by the death of Professor Palmer.

The election expenses of Mr. Waddy in contesting Edinburgh were £1750, and those of Mr. Renton, the defeated candidate, £2800.

The prize drawings of Vere Foster's National Competition for 1882 took place in St. Martin's Boys' School-room, Adelaide-place, on Tuesday and three following days.

Her Majesty has granted out of the Civil List a pension of £50 per annum to David Wingate, the Glasgow working-man poet, in consideration of his straitened circumstances.

One of the finest buildings in Douglas, Isle of Man, the Bon Marché, belonging to Mr. Robert C. Lucas, was destroyed by fire on Monday night.

A dramatic and musical entertainment is to be given this (Saturday) evening to the patients of the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, Portland-terrace, Regent's Park.

Mr. Macfarlane, M.P., who has been elected a Vice-President of the Federation of Celtic Societies of Glasgow, addressed meetings on the subject of the depopulation of the Highlands in Liverpool on Tuesday, and in Glasgow on the 11th and 12th.

A letter was read at the Dorset Quarter Sessions on Tuesday from Lord Portman, resigning the office of Chairman on account of ill-health and advanced age. Mr. J. Floyer, M.P., was selected to succeed his Lordship.

The *Times* is informed that Sir Frederick Leighton has decided to re-arrange the hanging of Mr. Rossetti's pictures at the Academy, so as to secure a more favourable view than is obtainable under existing circumstances.

Earl Cairns has become President of the Early Closing Association, in the place of the late Lord Harrowby; and the Duke of Westminster has become a patron of the Association.

By a Parliamentary return, issued on Tuesday, it is shown that the total amount raised in England in 1880-1 by local taxation was £32,434,123, the Parliamentary grants in aid having been £2,088,807.

The ship *Otago*, Captain Falkner, left Glasgow on the 22nd ult. for Brisbane direct, having on board 304 statute adults, equal to 365 souls, and consisting of 138½ adults (married couples), 98 single men, and 71 single women.

Mr. E. Chapman, M.A., of Merton College, Oxford, lecturer in natural science at Magdalen College and in physical science at Jesus College, has been elected to an official fellowship at Magdalen College.

Dr. Bain, Emeritus Professor of Logic and Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, has been presented with his portrait, painted by Mr. George Reid, R.A., and subscribed for by old pupils and other friends throughout the country.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool last week from the United States and Canada were very small, amounting to 304 cattle, 907 sheep, 2251 quarters of beef, and 507 carcasses of mutton.

The Corporation of Nottingham have issued an invitation to architects to send in plans for municipal buildings which it is proposed to erect on the site of the cattle market, adjacent to the University College. The new structure will probably cost over £100,000.

The Lord Chancellor has given directions that the Courts of the Chancery Division shall continue to sit at Lincoln's-Inn during the ensuing Hilary sittings, the removal of that division to the new Royal Courts of Justice being postponed until the following Easter sittings.

A performance is to be given this (Saturday) evening by the Carleton Dramatic Club at St. George's Hall in aid of the Alhambra Employés Relief Fund; the pieces announced being Tom Taylor's "Plot and Passion" and Morton's "Slasher and Crasher."

An extensive collection of antiquities has been bequeathed to the museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, York, by the late Mr. G. A. Robinson, of Reeth, North Yorkshire. The collection includes Celtic antiquities from Ireland, the Yorkshire dales, Denmark, Switzerland, and America.

The annual returns of the strength and efficiency of the Volunteer force for the official year ending Oct. 31 last show that on that date the number of all arms on the rolls was 297,346, of whom 199,523 were efficient. At the same period last year the numbers were 208,308 and 200,162 respectively.

Mr. G. Richardson has been appointed Receiver and Accountant-General to the Post Office, in the room of Mr. Chetwynd, C.B., deceased; and Mr. J. J. Cardin, principal bookkeeper, has been made Assistant-Receiver and Accountant-General, in succession to Mr. Richardson.

The Birmingham Town Council on Tuesday adopted a scheme proposed by the water committee for a reduction of water rates upon houses up to £10 rental to the extent of between £9000 and £10,000 per annum. Two years ago a similar scheme was adopted effecting reductions to the amount of £5000 per annum.

Sir Reginald Hanson presided yesterday night week at the annual festival of the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution, held in Aldersgate-street. During the proceedings it was stated that twenty annuitants had been elected during the year, the number now on the list being 186, of which only twenty-three were men. Subscriptions and donations were received amounting to £1630.—The half-yearly general meeting of the governors and subscribers to the Commercial Travellers' School was held the same day, at the Cannon-street Hotel, Mr. D. R. Harvest presiding. The report, which was unanimously adopted, stated that the children had acquitted themselves well in their examinations, and that their health had been excellent.—At the tenth annual meeting of the Commercial Travellers' Christian Association, held the same day, it was stated that during the year eight new libraries had been sent out, containing some 700 volumes. There are now 137 libraries belonging to the association, comprising 12,000 books.

The Goldsmiths' Company have forwarded £100 in aid of the "Cambridge Fund for Old and Disabled Soldiers."

The Act on Municipal Corporations, which came into force on Monday, is the longest Act of Parliament of the late Session, extending to 360 sections and several schedules.

Mr. F. Johnson, of St. Leonard's-on-Sea, has offered to construct a large concrete breakwater for the protection of the Hastings fishermen and present it to the town.

MARRIED WOMEN AND THE POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

The rules of the Post-Office Savings Bank affecting the deposits of married women in England and Ireland, owing to the operation of the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, are much simplified, and married women enjoy many advantages, as depositors in that bank, which they have not hitherto possessed. Hitherto it has been necessary to draw distinctions between women married before and after Aug. 9, 1870, and between deposits made before and after that date. All these distinctions are now swept away, and the law is placed by the new Act on a simple and intelligible footing. The following statement of the rules which will be now observed has been compiled by the direction of the Postmaster-General, and appear in the *Postal Guide* :—

"Deposits may be made by married women. All deposits which on Jan. 1, 1883, are standing in the sole name of a married woman will be deemed, unless and until the contrary is shown, to be the separate property of such married woman; and the fact that any deposit is standing in the sole name of a married woman will be considered *prima facie* evidence that she is beneficially entitled thereto for her separate use, so as to authorise and empower her to withdraw and receive the same without the concurrence of her husband.

"All deposits which, on and after Jan. 1, 1883, are made in the sole name of any married woman, will be deemed, unless and until the contrary is shown, to be her separate property, and payments of such deposits, and all interest accruing thereon, will be made to the receipt of such married woman alone, without the concurrence of her husband. Where any deposit stands on Jan. 1, 1883, or is at any time thereafter made, in the name of a married woman jointly with any other person or persons, whether such married woman is expressed to be a trustee or not, such married woman will be deemed entitled to such deposit, so far as her interest therein extends, as her separate property, and the concurrence of her husband in any receipt or other proceeding relating to such deposit will not be required.

"Any woman who marries while she is a depositor should forward to the Controller of the Savings Bank a certificate of her marriage, together with her deposit-book, and the deposits will thereupon be entered in her married name, but she will not by so doing lose any power of receiving payment of the same or of any interest thereon, without the concurrence of her husband; but the deposits will remain her separate property.

"If any deposit is made by a married woman by means of moneys of her husband without his consent, the husband may apply by summons or otherwise in a summary way, to any Judge of the High Court of Justice in England or in Ireland, or in England to the Judge of the County Court of the district, or in Ireland to the Chairman of the Civil Bill Court of the division in which either party resides; and the Judge of the High Court of Justice or of the County Court, or the Chairman of the Civil Bill Court may, upon such application, order such deposit and the interest thereon, or any part thereof, to be paid to the husband, and may make such order as to costs of and consequent on the application as he thinks fit.

"No deposit of the husband made by or in the name of his wife in fraud of his creditors will be valid as against such creditors, but any moneys so deposited may be followed for the benefit of the creditors.

"Deposits belonging to a married woman may be bequeathed by her by will to any person she may choose, but in the event of her dying without a will, her husband, if he survives her, will be entitled to such deposits.

"The Married Women's Property Act, 1882, does not apply to women domiciled in Scotland, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man.

In our biographical memoir of the late Miss Kelly, the actress, published on the 24th ult., some reference was made to the pension she lately had from the Crown, as having been obtained, possibly, by the kind intervention of Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole, who visited her at Feltham. We are requested by her executrix, Miss Greville, to say that it was due entirely to the efforts of Mr. Charles Kent. It was granted in March last, before which time the good old lady had "never possessed a shilling that she did not earn."

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W.; Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 A.M.	Minimum, read at 10 A.M.	Force.	Direction.			
December	17 29.806	47.6	45.3	91	10	49.5	44.6	S. ESE.	Miles.	275	0.015	In.
	18 29.647	45.0	41.5	87	7	48.6	41.8	SE. ESE.		301	0.000	
	19 30.076	43.3	40.4	89	"	51.8	35.4	E. SE.		123	0.010	
	20 30.246	35.1	35.1	100	"	47.6	30.7	SE. SSW.		105	0.035	
	21 29.889	43.8	36.9	76	3	48.2	38.2	SSW. WSW.		364	0.000	
	22 29.617	39.7	37.4	91	5	44.3	34.8	WSW.		118	0.085	
	23 29.612	39.4	32.4	75	6	42.8	35.7	WSW.		331	0.010	
	24 29.816	35.8	30.6	81	5	39.7	31.8	WSW.		125	0.070	
	25 29.503	47.6	46.3	95	10	52.5	35.3	SW. W.		297	0.205	
	26 29.169	51.0	46.7	84	9	53.2	49.1	WSW.		332	0.170	
	27 29.583	51.3	51.3	90	10	56.9	49.8	WSW.		415	0.030	
	28 29.728	53.1	47.9	82	10	55.1	50.1	WSW. SW.		539	0.000	

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m. :—

FROM DEC. 17 TO DEC. 23.											
Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.879	29.630	30.019	30.300	29.884	29.774	29.570				
Temperature of Air	48.09	48.15	44.8	33.10	46.27	37.4	40.1				
Temperature of Evaporation	47.10	46.69	43.3	34.09	43.1	36.8	37.1				
Direction of Wind	S.	SE.	E.	SE.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.				
FROM DEC. 24 TO DEC. 30.											
Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.851	29.587	29.368	29.552	29.721	29.719	29.679				
Temperature of Air	31.3	48.1	51.7	55.4	54.2	51.9	50.4				
Temperature of Evaporation	31.0	45.6	50.0	50.0	51.6	50.3	49.6				
Direction of Wind	WSW.	SW.	W.	SW.	SW.	SW.	S.				

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 14, 1883.

Sunday.		Monday.		Tuesday.		Wednesday.		Thursday.		Friday.		Saturday.	
M	A	M	A	M	A	M	A	M	A	M	A	M	A
h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m
0	10	0	38	1	0	1	23	1	47	2	8	2	43



PANTOMIMES AT THE LONDON THEATRES.



AFTERNOON ON THE KENNEDY ROAD, HONG-KONG.



BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE PROVINCES OF SHAN-SI AND PE-CHI-LI, NORTH CHINA.

A PAGE OF PANTOMIMES.

Drury Lane, of course, leads the way with "Sindbad the Sailor," and no well-educated child requires to be told the meaning of the illustration on the left-hand side of this merry conglomeration of fairy stories and Eastern legends. That very fierce-looking bird who is bearing Sindbad away in his claws is the far-famed roc who descended at such a very opportune moment into the valley of diamonds, and who is so well modelled on the Drury Lane stage as to deceive the eyes of the least imaginative portion of the audience. It is to be hoped that his iron grip is not so cruel as it was on the first representation of the Old Drury pantomime, for Miss Nelly Power nearly met with an awkward accident when ascending in the talons of this famous bird into the regions of the sky-borders. But what has the Tower of London to do with "Sindbad the Sailor"—for surely that is the Tower by the side of the noble archway and portcullis where the flags and bannerets are waving? This is the scene of the famous procession of Kings and Queens dating from William the Conqueror to Victoria, an example of stage pageantry that has seldom been surpassed. Mr. Harry Nicholls, the frightened and obsequious tutor of Mr. Herbert Campbell, the son of some mythical Khedive, are going up in a balloon to survey mankind from China to Peru: whilst close by them are Mr. Arthur Roberts, attired as a comical sailor; Mr. Fawn, his constant companion in the land of fun; Miss Constance Loseby and Miss Nelly Power, the runaway lovers; and that wonderful poodle dog, played by young Mr. Lauri, who can rig up a sail, jump through a hoop, play the most wonderful pranks imaginable, and, in order to astonish the audience, shows his agility by running round the entire theatre, and peeping, like the impudent dog he is, into all the private boxes. "Puss in Boots" has always proved a capital subject for a pantomime, and it has seldom been turned to so good an account as at the theatre presided over by Mr. George Conquest, who, unfortunately, does not play this year, though he has set the whole thing going from Puss, his master the Marquis of Carabas, and the Wonderful Ogre. Again this year the pure pantomime fun is kept up by the clever Edmunds family, and, no doubt, for the sake of the children who pretend they don't like to be frightened, there has been provided for them a splendid ogre with a magnificent roar. But who are all these young ladies with saddles on their backs and bits in their pretty mouths, driven by jockeys, and looking as if they had escaped from Gulliver's kingdom of the horses? They represent the Ballet d'Equestriennes at the Imperial pantomime, one of the most fanciful dances now to be seen in London, and below we have a charming edition of Jack the Giant Killer in Miss Marie Longmore fighting with the far-famed giant Blunderbore. And yet another nursery story, "Dick Whittington and His Cat"! Was it ever more prettily illustrated than at the Avenue Theatre, by a company of the cleverest children ever collected together—children who can sing and dance as well as they can speak rhymed verse for the amusement of children of all ages? Little Addie Blanche as Dick Whittington, and Little Blanche Arnold as the affectionate Alice, are the dearest little pair of miniature players that the Christmas stage has ever seen, and by their innocence, charm, and freshness, make up for much of the music-hall business that has been found so unsatisfactory elsewhere. In this page of pantomimes will be found some of the most striking features of the many holiday amusements.

AFTERNOON PROMENADE, HONG-KONG.

The favourite places of open-air recreation for European residents—civilians, official or commercial, and military, with their ladies and families—at Victoria, Hong-Kong, are the Hollywood road and the Kennedy road, which command good views of the harbour and shipping, from their elevated situation up the rocky slope of the hill range behind the city and seaport. A correspondent who lately visited Hong-Kong, and some of whose amusing Sketches of the Chinese and other inhabitants were published in our last Number, contributes the pleasant illustration of a scene one fine afternoon on the Kennedy road. The ladies are easily carried up in portable chairs, beside which the gentlemen can walk and talk with them, and the fresh sea-breeze is very enjoyable up there.

A CHINESE PROVINCIAL BOUNDARY.

The north-eastern province of China, which contains the city of Peking, the capital of the Chinese Empire, is called Pe-chi-li; and, having a population of thirty-six millions, with a metropolitan pre-eminence of dignity, vies in importance with the central provinces, traversed by the great river Yang-tse-Kiang, and including some of the largest commercial towns. But to the west of Pe-chi-li, on the line of the Great Wall of China, by the road over a succession of mountain passes, leading to Tartary or to Tibet, the traveller enters Shan-si, the adjacent province, where many remnants of the ancient Chinese dynasty are still to be seen. His attention is likely to be struck by the curious old gateway, at a village on the frontier or boundary dividing the two provinces from each other, which is shown in our illustration. The Great Wall is not distant from this place, but extends above twelve hundred miles, with a height varying from 15 ft. to 30 ft., over the mountains as well as over the plains, and is fortified at regular intervals with large square towers. All these old structures in China are now falling into decay, being of no defensive military or political value.

Sir Philip Canliffe Owen on Saturday last, distributed the prizes at the Boys' Orphanage, Greenwich.

During the year recently closed there were reported 28 mining explosions, 15 of which were fatal, the number of deaths reaching 241, exactly the average for the past thirty-two years. Of 32 warnings issued, 19 were justified by subsequent events, 12 were followed within three days by the loss of 139 lives in 15 explosions, and 66 lives were lost on the fifth and sixth days after the issue of warnings.

A full meeting of the Victoria Institute took place on Monday evening, when a paper upon "Design in Nature" was read by Mr. W. P. James. It was announced that her Majesty had accepted a complete set of the volumes of the "Transactions" of the institute, with a list of its members; and that the total number of home, foreign, and colonial members at the close of the year was 998. Professor Stokes, F.R.S., will read a paper at the next meeting.

Last week 2132 births and 1719 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 161, and the deaths 218, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 2 from smallpox, 56 from measles, 17 from scarlet fever, 12 from diphtheria, 20 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 15 from enteric fever, 3 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 1 from simple cholera; thus 176 deaths were referred to these diseases, being 85 below the corrected average number in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

A TRAP TO CATCH A GHOST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE HADDONS," "TOO LATE," &c.

Cherrington Grange was in the picturesque stage of old age. Time, without impairing its strength, had softened its outlines, and veiled the first symptoms of decay with creeping and trailing plants. It was a quaint old house, with gable ends and mullioned windows, irregularly but substantially built of red brick, the sobered tints of which added to the charm as well as antiquity of its appearance. Poetry and tradition seemed to cling about the old place and find a congenial home in its oak-panelled rooms, abounding in nooks and corners which the sun was unable to penetrate, however fiercely it might peer in at the deep-set windows.

The library, like the other best rooms in the house, was now in disuse; but, to judge by the importance of the works which crowded the shelves from floor to ceiling, it had once been the pride of its owner. The room was long and low, facing south-west, upon a fine old lawn, shaded by large trees which intercepted the bright slanting rays of the setting sun and caused shadows to flit and lights to flicker fantastically about the ponderous old tomes on the shelves. At night, when the wind was rife, its sighing amongst the trees, and the creaking and groaning of the branches as they swayed and jostled each other, produced an eerie effect, which seemed to aid the tradition that clung to the library, and caused it to be shunned after sunset by the inmates of the house. These were a housekeeper, somewhat advanced in years, and two subordinate maid-servants, whose sole occupation was to keep the place in habitable order. Its owner visited the Grange only at rare intervals, and then solely for the purpose of settling accounts—remaining for a few hours, or at most a night, there.

Piers Dysart had come into the estate and a fine income through the death of an uncle, some five years previously; and, shortly afterwards, an army of workpeople made their appearance in the adjoining village, for the purpose of renovating and redecorating the old house for the reception of the young squire and his bride. The former owner had lived abroad, travelling from one place to another in search of health. Great hopes were indulged as to what might come of the young squire living on the property, so long neglected by his uncle, and giving employment to some of the poor in the neighbourhood, where there was much agricultural distress. But the workpeople suddenly disappeared, leaving the Grange untouched, and no explanation was given as to the cause of the sudden change in Mr. Dysart's plans, other than that he had lost interest in the place, and was going to live elsewhere. Rumour assigned all sorts of causes for the sudden prejudice against the Grange—amongst others the tradition that it was haunted by the ghost of one of the squire's ancestors—a young and beautiful girl, who had been forced into a marriage for money, and whose death had come about very mysteriously.

It was a night in early autumn—one which tended specially to foster such rumours. As the moonlight penetrated the trees, gently swaying in the breeze, strange phantom shapes moved about the upper end of the old library, now stealthily advancing with a sliding step and a bow—now suddenly retreating to couch out of sight, as the branches, alternately bent to pressure and recovered their position, with the accompanying sounds now of a light mystic tap upon the window-pane, and now of a long, low, wailing sigh in the deep shade beyond.

Slowly opening the library door, Piers Dysart, who was on one of his flying visits to the Grange, took in the weird beauty of the scene, and a half smile dwelt for a moment upon his lips, as he recollected the family tradition, and thought how effectually the dread of the supernatural aided him in his desire to keep the place free from intrusion. Who but himself would venture into the Grange library after nightfall?

He had advanced but a step into the room, when he suddenly paused and stood peering into the shadow at the further end, opposite the window. Had there been a light there at the moment of his entrance? Had it given him a glimpse of the figure of a young girl seated at the table, poring over a book, before all became dark again; or had his eyes deceived him?

Yes—no; some one or something besides himself was certainly in the room! He seemed to feel the presence—spiritual or material—very near to him. Piers Dysart was not the man to leave a problem, especially one such as this, unsolved if it were in his power to solve it. Moreover, he held certain theories which rendered him desirous of an opportunity to judge for himself as to the value of the evidence respecting the supernatural appearances at the Grange.

He slowly advanced, his one candle casting a not very bright beam before him, and confusing, rather than revealing, objects upon which it fell. But his quickened sense of hearing presently made him aware of a slight movement behind a screen near the table. He hastened his steps, sharply inquiring "Who is there?" No sound broke the stillness, save the soft rustling of the wind amongst the foliage of the trees outside. "Who is there?" he repeated, still advancing. By the time he had reached the spot whence the sound had seemed to proceed there was a perceptible movement lower down, on the other side of the room. He again paused, standing motionless, and a faint sound, as of the catching in of a breath or a low sigh, reached his ears. He strained his eyes in that direction, and, in another moment, saw, gliding swiftly and noiselessly across a strip of moonlight towards the window, the slight figure of a young girl, her face turned towards him. A young girl! The Lady Mabel of the tradition was young, and, according to her portrait, which hung in the morning-room, somewhat tall and slight! After a moment's hesitation, he put down the candle and followed.

The figure had passed through the open window, and he could trace it as it now and again emerged from the shade, swiftly making its way across the greensward, and through the old-fashioned flower-garden, towards the shrubbery. Recollecting there was in that direction a small door in the wall, separating the shrubbery from the park, he hastened his steps. He saw the figure approach it, and, darting forward, touched—the closed door! He felt about it for a few moments, then finding that the door was not only closed, but locked, paused again to collect his thoughts, and endeavour to account for what had occurred. But the deep silence which followed—the almost preternatural calm around him—now acted upon his imagination, causing it to intensify the mystery, and at the same time render him conscious of certain uncomfortable sensations which he did not care to analyse.

Piers Dysart had a strong will, and was accustomed to exercise it upon himself as well as upon other people. He presently succeeded in shaking off the influence that seemed to be creeping upon him. With a little laugh—not, however, quite spontaneous—he reminded himself that he had been travelling for a couple of days and nights, and was in just the condition to be the sport of an illusion such as this. Of course it was an illusion. He turned towards the house again, walked slowly back, and re-entered by the library window.

Still seeking about in his mind for a natural solution of the mystery, he passed on towards the upper end of the room, where he had left his candle. Throwing himself into the

reading-chair, and letting his arm fall upon the table by his side, his hand lighted upon the open pages of a book. He drew the candle nearer to him, and not a little curiously examined the title.

One of Scott's novels! The Lady Mabel was not, it seemed, above reading fiction. If she dwelt in another world, it was apparently that of romance. It might be that she was doing penance for past excesses in that way by being compelled to read through the novels of two or three generations. She was, at any rate, not one of the "advanced" matter-of-fact young lady ghosts, which might be expected in a future generation. He must look up the family history, and find out what special grievance had to be remedied before the Lady Mabel would be at rest. He might possibly be able to play the part of liberator, or at least do something more knightly than chase her—a not very courteous way of treating such a guest—to say nothing of its having had the effect of causing her to vanish, which was not at all what he desired.

Thus, half jesting with himself, his downcast eyes presently lighted upon another proof that his visitor had not yet risen above mundane things. Upon the carpet at his feet, lay a little gold locket, attached to a piece of black velvet. He took it up, and examined it with a smile. The Lady Mabels he had met wore lockets very different from this. One of the servants—some one connected with the house-keeper? He touched the spring. A lock of gold-brown hair, and the faintly traced inscription—"To darling Mabel, on her birth-day, from Mamma."

Mabel! He suddenly remembered, too, that large lockets, such as were now in vogue, had only been worn for the last fifteen or twenty years. He sat gazing down at the little heart-shaped locket, until some subtle influence seemed to be stealing over him again. What was it Reichenbach said respecting people's sphere clinging about certain of the gems and ornaments they have worn—what—?

Exerting his will, he once more broke the spell gathering about him. With a short laugh at his own folly, he forced his eyes away from the little locket, and glanced round. How unreal everything looked by this light! He rose, once more telling himself that he was out of condition for want of a night's rest.

The next morning—by the light of reason—everything would wear a different aspect, and the ghostly visitor prove entirely uninteresting. A maid-servant, most probably, or the daughter of some small farmer in the neighbourhood. But however this might be, he knew the visit to the library had not been prearranged for his benefit. His arrival at the Grange had been entirely unexpected, as his visits usually were. He went there merely for business purposes—business which he had no taste for, and always got through as quickly as possible; generally arriving overnight, and departing early the next day. When he had done all that he cared to do—taken a cursory glance round the house and grounds, run through the accounts with his agent, and said a few words to Mrs. Pratt, the housekeeper, he turned his back upon the place and its painful reminiscences with a sigh of relief. To him, it was a spot from which life and light seemed to have departed. He had once roamed about the place full of enthusiasm and hope, seeing in imagination the one woman in all the world for him reigning there, queen of his heart and home. In the midst of this had come the blow which had struck him down, and changed the whole current of his life. As time went on, he grew less and less inclined to return and settle down permanently at the Grange.

The Lady Mabel and his speculations about her notwithstanding, he slept well, and was the next morning first reminded of the previous night's experience by seeing the little old-fashioned locket lying upon his dressing-table. Should he question the old housekeeper? He decided not to do so. The event had caused a little stir in his mental machinery which was new to him of late, and not unwelcome. The tinge of mystery about it excited both his imagination and curiosity, faculties which had been in abeyance under the deadening influence of disappointment, and rendered him desirous to find the solution for himself. Should this be only of a simple commonplace order, the getting at it would still serve to amuse him.

But in his few minutes' talk with Mrs. Pratt, he went so far as to make inquiry whether any changes had come about in the neighbourhood during his absence; and whether she still retained the same maid-servants that had been with her some time, whom he remembered to have been buxom country girls, quite unfitted by nature for acting the part of the figure he had watched gliding out of the library and across the lawn. Mrs. Pratt informed him that no changes had taken place since his last visit to the Grange; and, when he lightly opined that there were no new residents in the village or she would be sure to know of it, she earnestly assured him that nothing escaped her knowledge. If Mrs. Pratt told nothing it was evidently because she had nothing to tell. As to there being any new comers in the village, she reminded him that there was not a house, except the curate's, that anyone above a blacksmith would consider fit to live in—the place was even too poor to have a resident doctor, much as one was needed there. Indeed, Piers Dysart was well aware there was nothing to attract visitors to the place. It was ill built, ill drained, and poverty stricken, without even being picturesque in its poverty. The curate kept there by the Rector, whose state of health rendered it necessary that he should reside in a more genial neighbourhood, had plodded on from year to year in not much better circumstances than those of the people he worked amongst: a shy, reserved man, who seemed to have lost all hope of improving his condition in life, and neither appealed for nor expected sympathy. When he had first come into the property, Piers Dysart heard something of this, and, amongst other benevolent schemes, he formed one to brighten Mr. Carson's life. But his own terrible disappointment, and, it must be added, morbid way of accepting it, had, for the time being, thrust out all other thoughts, and the curate was forgotten.

When—to make assurance doubly sure—he afterwards, on his rounds, turned in at the kitchen entrance with a request for some table ale, the awkward way in which, in their eagerness, both girls went about waiting upon "the master," one fetching a glass and tray, and the other setting forth, jug in hand, for the cellar, showed them utterly incapable of gliding, to say nothing of the difference between their square, thick-set figures and that of the fragile, light-footed one he had seen the night previously.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

Woodbastwick Hall, Norfolk, the seat of Mr. Albemarle Cator, has been almost wholly destroyed by fire. The pictures, the family jewels, and a large portion of the furniture, have been saved.

The Local Committee of the Royal Agricultural Show, 1883, to be held at York, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, have raised £4800 of the £5500 required from them towards the expenses of the Show. The sum of £65 has been added to the already liberal list of special prizes for agricultural holdings and sheep.

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"He sat down, all the same, in the easy-chair; and she placed herself on the hearthrug before him."

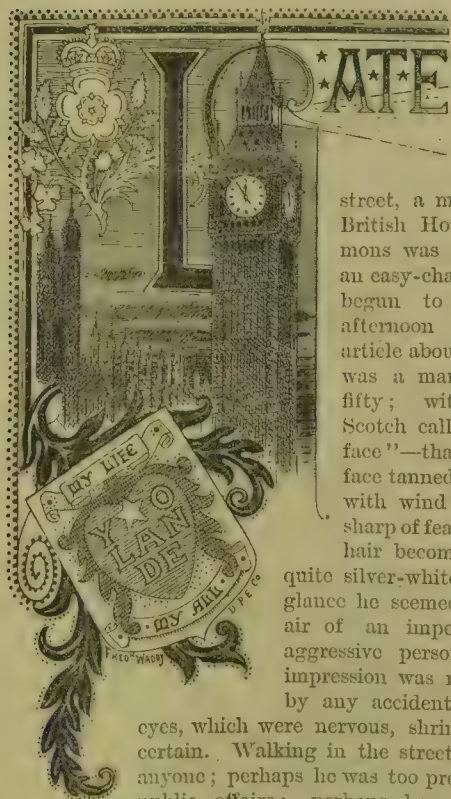
YOLANDE.

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AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

RELEASED FROM CHÂTEAU COLD FLOORS.



ONE evening in April, in a private sitting-room on the first floor of an hotel in Albemarle-

street, a member of the British House of Commons was lying back in an easy-chair, having just begun to read, in an afternoon journal, an article about himself. He was a man approaching fifty; with what the Scotch call "a salt-water face"—that is to say, a face tanned and reddened with wind and weather; sharp of feature; and with hair become prematurely

quite silver-white. At a first glance he seemed to have the air of an imperative, eager, aggressive person; but that impression was modified when by any accident you met his

eyes, which were nervous, shrinking, and uncertain. Walking in the street, he rarely saw anyone; perhaps he was too preoccupied with public affairs; perhaps he was sensitively afraid of not being able to recognise half-

remembered faces. When sitting alone, slight noises made him start.

This was what the man with the thin red face and the silver-white hair was reading:—

"By his amendment of last night, which, as everyone anticipated, was defeated by an overwhelming majority, the member for Slagpool has once more called attention to the unique position which he occupies in contemporary politics.

Consistent only in his hopeless inconsistency, and only to be reckoned on for the wholly unexpected, one wonders for what particular purpose the electors of Slagpool ever thought of sending Mr. Winterbourne to Parliament, unless, indeed, it were to make sure that their town should be sufficiently often heard of in the councils of the nation. A politician who is at once a furious Jingo in foreign affairs and an ultra-revolutionary at home; an upholder of the divine rights and liberties of the multitude, who, at the same time, would, if he could, force them to close every public-house in the country, alike on Sunday and Saturday; a virulent opponent of Vivisection, who nevertheless champions the Game Laws, and who is doubtful about the Abolition of Capital Punishment, probably because he would like to reserve to himself the right of hanging poachers: it may be conceded that such a member of Parliament, if he is not to be counted on by any party, or by any section or sub-section of any party—if, indeed, he is ordinarily a good deal more dangerous to his allies than to his enemies—may at least do some service to his constituents by continually reminding the country of their existence, while ministering on the same occasions to his own inordinate vanity. For it is to this—it is to an inordinate vanity, spurred on by an irritable and capricious temper, that we must look for the cause of those spasmodic championships and petulant antagonisms, those erratic appearances and disappearances, those sudden alliances and incomprehensible desertions, which have made of the member for Slagpool the very whirligig and teetotum of modern English politics."

When he had got thus far he stopped.

"It sounds like the writing of a young man," he was thinking. "But perhaps it is true. Perhaps that is what I am like. The public press is a mirror. I wonder if that is how I appear to Yolande?"

He heard a footstep outside; and immediately thrust away the newspaper from him, face downward. The next moment the door of the room was opened, and the framework of the door became the framework of a living picture. Mr. Winterbourne's face lightened up with pleasure.

The picture framed by the doorway was that of a young girl of eighteen, singularly tall and strikingly fair, who stood there hesitating, timid, half-laughing.

"Look," she said. "Is it your idea?"

"Is it your idea?" he repeated, peevishly. "Yolande, you are getting worse and worse, instead of better. Why don't you say, 'Is this what you meant?'"

"Is this what you meant?" she said, promptly, and with a slight foreign accent.

His eyes could not dwell on her for two seconds together, and he was vexed.

"Come to the mirror, child, and put on your hat, and let me see the whole thing properly."

She did as she was bid, stepping over to the fireplace, and standing before the old-fashioned mirror, as she adjusted the wide-brimmed Rubens hat over the ruddy gold of her hair. For this was an experiment in costume; and it had some suggestion of novelty. The plain gown was of a uniform cream-white—of some rough towel-like substance that seemed to cling naturally to the tall and graceful figure; and it was touched here and there with black velvet; and the tight sleeves had black velvet cuffs; while the white Rubens hat had also a band of black velvet round the bold sweep of the brim. For the rest, she wore no ornaments but a thick silver necklace round her throat and a plain silver belt round her waist, the belt being a broad zone of solid metal, untouched by any graver.

But anyone who had seen this young English girl standing there, her arms uplifted, her hands busy with her hat, would not have wasted much attention on the details of her costume. Her face was interesting, even at an age when gentleness and sweetness are about the only characteristics that one expects to meet with. And although no mere catalogue of her features—the calm clear brow; the wide-apart grey-blue eyes; the aquiline nose; the unusually short upper lip and beautifully rounded chin; her soft and wavy hair glistening in its ruddy gold; and her complexion, that was in reality excessively fair, only that an abundance of freckles, as well as the natural rose-colour of youth in her cheeks, spoke of her not being much afraid of the sun and of the country air—although no mere enumeration of these things is at all likely to explain the unnameable grace that attracted people to her, yet there was at least one expression of her face that could be accounted for. That unusually short upper lip, that has been noted above, gave a slight pensive droop to the mouth whenever her features were in repose; so that, when she suddenly looked up, with her wide, wondering, timid, and yet trustful eyes, there was something pathetic and wistful there. It was an expression absolutely without intention; it was inexplicable and also winning; it seemed to convey a sort of involuntary unconscious appeal for gentleness and friendship, but beyond that it had no significance whatsoever. It had nothing to do with any

sorrow, suffered or foreshadowed. So far the girl's existence had been passed among the roses and lilies of life; the only serious grievance she had ever known was the winter coldness of the floors in the so-called château in Brittany where she had been educated. And now she was emancipated from the discipline of Château Cold Floors, as she had named the place; and the world was fair around her; and every day was a day of gladness to her, from the first "Good-morning!" over the breakfast-table to the very last of all the last and lingering "Good-nights!" that had to be said before she would let her father go down to put in an appearance at the House.

This must be admitted about Yolande Winterbourne, however, that she had two very distinct manners. With her friends and intimates, she was playful, careless, and not without a touch of humorous wilfulness; but with strangers, and especially with strangers abroad, she could assume in the most astonishing fashion the extreme coldness and courtesy of an English Miss. Remember, she was tall, fair, and English-looking; that (when all the pretty, timid trustfulness and merriment was out of them) her eyes were wide apart and clear and contemplative; and further, that the good dames of Château Cold Floors had instructed her as to how she should behave when she went travelling with her father—which happened pretty often. At the *table d'hôte*, with her father present, she was as light-hearted, as talkative, as pleasant as any one could wish. In the music-room after dinner, or on the deck of a steamer, or anywhere, with her father by accident absent, she was the English Miss out-and-out, and no aside conversations were possible. "So proud—so reserved—so English," thought many an impressionable young foreigner, who had been charmed with the bright, variable, vivacious face as it had regarded him across the white table-cover and the flowers. Yolande's face could become very calm—even austere, on occasion.

"Is it what you meant?" she repeated, turning to him from the mirror. Her face was bright enough now.

"Oh, yes," said he, rather reluctantly. "I—I thought it would suit you. But you see, Yolande—you see—it is very pretty—but for London—to drive in the Park—in London—wouldn't it be a little conspicuous?"

Her eyes were filled with astonishment; his rather wandered away nervously to the table.

"But, papa, I don't understand you! Everywhere else you are always wishing me to wear the brightest and lightest of colours. I may wear what I please—and that is only to please you, that is what I care about only—anywhere else—if we are going for a walk along the Lung' Arno, or if we go for a drive in the Prater—yes, and at Oatlands Park, too, I cannot please you with enough bright colours; but here, in London, the one or two of my visits!"

"Do speak English, Yolande," said he, sharply. "Don't hurry so."

"The once or twice I am in London, oh no! Everything is too conspicuous! Is it the smoke, papa? And this time I was so anxious to please you—all your own ideas; not mine at all. But what do I care?" She tossed the Rubens hat on to the couch that was near. "Come! What is there about a dress? It will do for some other place, not so dark and smoky as London. Come—sit down, papa—you do not wish to go away to the House yet! You have not finished about Godfrey of Bouillon."

"I am not going to read any more Gibbon to you to-night, Yolande," said he; but he sat down all the same, in the easy-chair, and she placed herself on the hearth-rug before him, so that the soft, ruddy gold of her hair just touched his knees. It was a pretty head to stroke.

"Oh, do you think I am so anxious about Gibbon, then?" she said, lightly, as she settled herself into a comfortable position. "No. Not at all. I do not want any more Gibbon. I want you. And you said this morning there would be nothing but stupidity in the House to-night."

"Well, now, Miss Inveigler, just listen to this," said he, laying hold of her by both her small ears. "Don't you think it prudent of me to show up as often as I can in the House—especially when there is a chance of a division—so that my good friends in Slagpool mayn't begin to grumble about my being away so frequently? And why am I away? Why do I neglect my duties? Why do I let the British Empire glide on to its doom? Why but that I may take a wretched schoolgirl—a wretched, small-brained, impertinent, prattling schoolgirl—for her holidays; and show her things she can't understand; and plough through museums and picture-galleries to fill a mind that is no better than a sieve? Just think of it. The British Empire going headlong to the mischief all for the sake of an empty-headed schoolgirl!"

"Do you know, papa, I am very glad to hear that?" she said, quietly.

"Glad, are you?"

"Yes," said she, nestling closer to him, "for now I think my dream will soon be coming true."

"Your dream?"

"My dream. The ambition of my life," said she, seriously. "It is all I wish for and hope for. Nothing else—nothing else in the world."

"Bless us all!" said he, with a touch of irony. "What wonderful ambition is this?"

"It is to make myself indispensable to you," she said, simply.

He took his hands from her ears and put them on her hair, for there were some bits of curls and semi-ringlets about her neck that wanted smoothing.

"You are not indispensable, then?" said he.

"Listen now, papa; it is your turn," she said. "Surely it is a shame that you have wasted so much time on me, through so many years—always coming to see me and take me away—perhaps not a week between—and I glad enough, for it was always expectation and expectation—and my things always ready—and you, poor papa, wasting all your time, and always on the route, and that such a long way to Rennes. Even at Oatlands Park the same—up and down—up and down by rail—and then long beautiful days that were very good to me, but were stupid to you, when you were thinking of the House all the time. Very well, now, papa; I have more sense now; I have been thinking; I want to be indispensable to you; I want to be in London with you—always; and you shall never have to run away idling, either to the Continent or to Oatlands Park; and you shall never have to think that I am wearying for you—when I am always with you in London. That is it now; that I wish to be your private secretary."

Her demand once made, she turned up her face to him; he averted his eyes.

"No, no, Yolande," he said, hastily—and even nervously. "London won't do for you—it—it wouldn't do at all. Don't think of it even."

"Papa," said she, "what other member of Parliament, with so much business as you have, is without a private secretary? Why should you answer all those letters yourself? For me, I will learn politics very quickly; I am studying hard; at the Château I translated all your speeches into Italian, for exercises. And just to think that you have never allowed me to hear you speak in the House! When I come to London—

yes, for five minutes or half-an-hour at a time—the ladies whom I see will not believe that I have never once been in the—what is it called?—for the ladies to listen in the House? No, they cannot believe it. They know all the speakers; they have heard all the great men; they spend the whole of the evening there, and have many come to see them—all in politics. Well, you see, papa, what a burden it would be taking off your hands. You would not always have to come home and dine with me, and waste so much of the evening in reading to me;—no, I should be at the House, listening to you, and understanding everything. Then all the day here, busy with your letters. Oh, I assure you I would make prettier compliments to your constituents than you could think of; I would make all the people of Slagpool who write to you think you were the very best member they could choose. And then—then I should be indispensable to you."

"You are indispensable to me, Yolande. You are my life. What else do I care for?" he said, hurriedly.

"You will pardon me, papa, if I say it is foolish. Oh, to think now! One's life is more important than that, when you have the country to guard."

"They seem to think there," said he, with a sardonic smile, and he glanced at the newspaper, "that the country would be better off without me."

It was too late to recall this unfortunate speech. He had thrust aside the newspaper as she entered, dreading that by accident she might see the article and be wounded by it; but now there was no help for it; the moment he had spoken she reached over and took up the journal, and found her father's name staring her in the face.

"Is it true, Yolande?" said he, with a laugh. "Is that what I am like?"

As she read, Yolande tried at first to be grandly indifferent—even contemptuous. Was it for her, who wished to be of assistance to her father, in public affairs, to mind what was said about him in a leading article? And, then, in spite of herself, tears slowly rose and filled the soft grey-blue eyes—though she kept her head down, vainly trying to hide them. And then mortification at her weakness made her angry; and she crushed up the paper twice and thrice, and hurled it into the fire; nay, she seized hold of the poker and thrust and drove the offending journal into the very heart of the coals. And then she rose, proud and indignant (but with her eyes a little wet), and with a toss of her pretty head she said,

"It is enough time to waste over such folly. Perhaps the poor man has to support a family; but he need not write such stupidity as that. Now, papa, what shall I play for you?"

She was going to the piano. But he had risen also.

"No, no, Yolande. I must be off to the House. There is just a chance of a division; and perhaps I may be able to get in a few words somewhere, just to show the Slagpool people that I am not caring about the Continent with my school-girl. No, no; I will see you safe in your own room, Yolande; and your lamp lit, and everything snug: then—Good-night!"

"Already?" she said, with a great disappointment in her face. "Already?"

"Child, child, the affairs of this mighty Empire!"

"What do I care about the Empire!" she said.

He stood and regarded her calmly.

"You are a nice sort of person to wish to be private secretary to a member of Parliament."

"Oh, but if you will only sit down for five minutes, papa," she said, piteously, "I could explain such a lot to you!"

"Oh, yes, I know. I know very well. About the temper Madame was in when the curls fell out of her box."

"Papa, it is you who make me frivolous. I wish to be serious!"

"I am going, Yolande."

She interposed.

"No. Not until you say, 'I love you.'"

"I love you."

"And I forgive you."

"And I forgive you."

"Everything?"

"Everything."

"And I may go out to-morrow morning as early as ever I like, to buy some flowers for the breakfast-table?"

But this was hard to grant.

"I don't like your going out by yourself, Yolande," said he, rather hesitatingly. "You can order flowers. You can ring and tell the waiter."

"The waiter!" she exclaimed. "What am I of use for, then, if it is a waiter who will choose flowers for your breakfast-table, papa? It is not far to Covent Garden."

"Take Jane with you, then."

"Oh, yes."

So that was settled; and he went up stairs with her to see that her little silver reading-lamp was properly lit; and then he bade her the real last good-night. When he returned to the sitting-room for his hat and coat, there was a pleased and contented look on his face.

"Poor Yolande!" he was thinking; "she is more shut up here than in the country; but she will soon have the liberty of Oatlands Park again."

He had just put on his coat and hat, and was giving a last look round the room to see if there was anything he ought to take with him, when there was a loud, sharp crash at the window. A hundred splinters of glass fell on to the floor; a stone rolled over and over to the fireplace. He seemed bewildered only for a second; and perhaps it was the startling sound that had made his face grow suddenly of a deadly pallor; the next second—noiselessly and quickly—he had stolen from the room, and was hurriedly descending the stair to the hall of the hotel.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHADOW BEHIND.

The head waiter was in the hall, alone, and staring out through the glass door. When he heard someone behind him, he turned quickly, and there was a vague alarm in his face.

"The—lady, Sir, has been here again."

Mr. Winterbourne paid no heed to him; passed him hastily, and went out. The lamp-light showed a figure standing there on the pavement—the figure of a tall woman, dark and pale, who had a strange, dazed look in her eyes.

"I thought I'd bring you out!" she said, tauntingly, and with a slight laugh.

"What do you want?" he said, quickly, and under his breath. "Have you no shame, woman! Come away. Tell me what you want!"

"You know what I want," she said, sullenly. "I want no more lies." Then an angrier light blazed up in the impassive, emaciated face. "Who has driven me to it, if I have to break a window? I want no more lies and hidings. I want you to keep your promise; and if I have to break every window in the House of Commons, I will let everybody know. Whose fault is it?"

But her anger seemed to die away as rapidly as it had arisen. A dull, vague, absent look returned to her face.

"It is not my fault."

"What madness have you got hold of now!" he said, in the same low and nervous voice—and all his anxiety seemed to be to get her away from the hotel. "Come along and tell me what you want. You want me to keep my promise—to you, in this condition?"

"It is not my fault," she repeated, in a listless kind of way; and now she was quite obediently and peaceably following him; and he was walking towards Piccadilly, his head bent down.

"I suppose I can guess who sent you," he said, watching her narrowly. "I suppose it was not for nothing you came to make an exhibition of yourself in the public streets. They asked you to go and get some money?"

This seemed to put a new idea into her head; perhaps that had been his intent.

"Yes. I will take them some money, if you like," she said, absently. "They are my only friends now—my only friends. They have been kind to me—they don't cheat me with lies and promises—they don't put me off, and turn me away when I ask for them. Yes, I will take them some money."

And then she laughed—a short, triumphant laugh.

"I discovered the way to bring some one out!" she said, apparently to herself.

By this time they had reached the corner of Piccadilly, and, as a four-wheeled cab happened to be passing, he stopped it, and himself opened the door. She made no remonstrance; she seemed ready to do anything he wished.

"Here is some money. I will pay the driver."

She got into the cab quite submissively; and the man was given the address, and paid. Then the vehicle was driven off; and he was left standing on the pavement, still somewhat bewildered, and not conscious how his hands were trembling.

He stood uncertain only for a second or so; then he walked rapidly back to the hotel.

"Has Miss Winterbourne's maid gone to bed yet?" he asked of the landlady.

"Oh no, Sir; I should think not, Sir;" the buxom person answered: she did not observe that his face was pale and his eyes nervous.

"Will you please tell her, then, that we shall be going down to Oatlands Park again to-morrow morning? She must have everything ready; but she is not to disturb Miss Winterbourne to-night."

"Very well, Sir."

Then he went into the coffee-room, and found the head waiter.

"Look here," said he (with his eyes averted), "I suppose you can get a man to put in a pane of glass in the window of our sitting-room—the first thing in the morning? There has been some accident, I suppose. You can have it done before Miss Winterbourne comes down, I mean?"

He slipped a sovereign into the waiter's hand.

"I think so, Sir. Oh, yes, Sir."

"You must try to have it done before Miss Winterbourne comes down."

He stood for a moment, apparently listening if there was any sound upstairs; and then he opened the door again and went out. Very slowly he walked away through the lamp-lit streets, seeing absolutely nothing of the passers-by, or of the rattling cabs and carriages; and although he bent his steps Westminster-wards it was certainly not the affairs of the nation that had hold of his mind. Rather he was thinking of that beautiful fair young life—that young life so carefully and tenderly cherished and guarded, and all unconscious of this terrible black shadow behind it. The irony of it! It was this very night that Yolande had chosen to reveal to him her secret hopes and ambition; she was to be always with him; she was to be "indispensable;" the days of her banishment were to be now left behind; and these two, father and daughter, were to be inseparable companions henceforth and for ever. And his reply? As he walked along the half-deserted pavements, anxiously revolving many things, and dreaming many dreams about what the future might have in store for her, and regarding the trouble and terrible care that haunted his own life, the final summing-up of all his doubts and fears resolved itself into this—If only Yolande were married! The irony of it! She had besought him out of her love for him and out of her gratitude for his watchful and unceasing care of her that she should be admitted into a closer companionship; that she should become his constant attendant and associate and friend; and his answer was to propose to hand her over to another guardianship altogether—the guardianship of a stranger. If only Yolande were married!

The light was burning on the clock-tower, and so he knew the House was still sitting; but he had no longer any intention of joining in any debate that might be going forward. When he passed into the House (and more than ever he seemed to wish to avoid the eyes of strangers) it was to seek out his friend, John Shortlands, whose rough common sense and blunt counsel had before now stood him in good stead and served to brace up his unstrung nerves. The tall, corpulent, big-headed ironmaster—who also represented a northern constituency—he at length found in the smoking-room, with two or three companions, who were seated round a small table, and busy with cigars and brandy and soda. Winterbourne touched his friend lightly on the shoulder.

"Can you come outside for a minute?"

"All right."

It was a beautiful, clear, mild night; and seated on the benches on the Terrace there were several groups of people—among them two or three ladies, who had, no doubt, been glad to leave the stuffy Chamber to have tea or lemonade brought them in the open, the while they chatted with their friends and regarded the silent, dark river and the lights of the Embankment and Westminster Bridge. As Winterbourne passed them, he could not but think of Yolande's complaint that she had never even once been in the House of Commons. These were, no doubt, the daughters or wives or sisters of members: why should not Yolande also be sitting there? It would have been pleasant for him to come out and talk to her—pleasanter than listening to a dull debate. Would Yolande have wondered at the strange night-picture—the broad black river, all quivering with golden reflections; the lights on the bridge; the shadowy grandeur of this great building reaching far overhead into the starlit skies? Others were there; why not she?

The Terrace of the House of Commons is at night a somewhat dusky promenade—when there does not happen to be moonlight; but John Shortlands had sharp eyes; and he instantly guessed from his friend's manner that something had happened.

"More trouble?" said he, regarding him.

"Yes," said the other. "Well, I don't mind—I don't mind, as far as I am concerned. It is no new thing."

But he sighed, in spite of his resigned way of speech. "I have told you all along, Winterbourne, that you brought it on yourself. You should have taken the bull by the horns."

"It is too late to talk of it—never mind that now," he said, impatiently. "It is about Yolande I want to speak to you."

"Yes?"

Then he hesitated. In fact, his lip trembled for the briefest part of a second.

"You won't guess what I am anxious for now," he said, with a sort of uncertain laugh. "You wouldn't guess it in a month, Shortlands. I am anxious to see Yolande married."

"Faith, that needn't trouble you," said the big ironmaster, bluntly. "There'll be no difficulty about that. Yolande has grown into a thundering handsome girl. And they say," he added, jocosely, "that her father is pretty well off."

They were walking up and down, slowly; Mr. Winterbourne's face absent and hopeless at times, at times almost piteous, and again lightening up as he thought of some brighter future for his daughter.

"She cannot remain longer at any school," he said, at length, "and I don't like leaving her by herself at Oatlands Park or any similar place. Poor child! Do you know what her own plans are? She wants to be my private secretary. She wants to share the life that I have been leading all these years."

"And so she might have done, my good fellow, if there had been any common sense among the lot o' ye."

"It is too late to speak of that now," the other repeated, with a sort of nervous fretfulness. "But indeed it is hard on the poor girl. She seems to have been thinking seriously about it. And she and I have been pretty close companions, one way or another, of late years.—Well, if I could only see her safely married and settled—perhaps living in the country, where I could run down for a day or so—her name not mine—perhaps with a young family to occupy her and make her happy—well, then, I think I should be able to put up with the loss of my private secretary. I wonder what she will say when I propose it. She will be disappointed—perhaps she will think I don't care for her—when there is just not another creature in the world I do care for—she may think it cruel and unnatural."

"Nonsense, nonsense, man. Of course a girl like Yolande will get married. Your private secretary! How long would it last? Does she look like the sort of girl who ought to be smothered up in correspondence or listening to debates? And if you're in such a mighty hurry to get rid of her—if you want to get her married at once, I'll tell you a safe and sure way—send her for a voyage on board a P. and O. steamer."

But this was just somewhat too blunt; and Yolande's father said, angrily,

"I don't want to get rid of her. And I am not likely to send her anywhere; hitherto we have travelled together—and we have found it answer well enough, I can tell you. Yolande isn't a bale of goods, to be disposed of to the first bidder. If it comes to that, perhaps she will not marry anyone."

"Perhaps," said the other, calmly.

"I don't know that I may not throw Slagpool over and quit the country altogether," he exclaimed, with a momentary recklessness. "Why shouldn't I? Yolande is fond of travelling. She has been four times across the Atlantic now. She is the best companion I know: I tell you I don't know a better companion. And I am sick of the way they're going on here." (He nodded in the direction of the House.) "Government? They don't govern; they talk. A Parliamentary victory is all they think about; and the country going to the mischief all the time. No matter, if they get their majority; and if they can pose before the world as the most moral and exemplary Government that ever existed. I wonder they don't give up Gibraltar to Spain; and hand over Malta to Italy; and then they ought to let Ireland go, because she wants to go; and certainly they ought to yield up India, for India was stolen; and then they might reduce the Army and the Navy, to set an example of disarmament; so that at last the world might see a spectacle!—a nation permitted to exist by other nations because of its uprightness and its noble sentiments. Well, that has nothing to do with Yolande; except that I think she and I could get on very well even if we left England to pursue its course of high morality. We could look on—and laugh, as the rest of the world are doing."

"My dear fellow," said Shortlands, who had listened to all this high treason with calmness; "you could no more get on without the excitement of worrying the Government than without meat and drink. What would it come to? You would be in Colorado, let us say; and some young fellow in Denver, come in from the plains, would suddenly discover that Yolande would be an adorning feature for his ranche; and she would discover that he was the handsomest young gentleman she ever saw; and then where would you be? You wouldn't be much good at a ranche. The morning papers would look tremendous empty without the usual protest against the honourable member for Slagpool so grossly misrepresenting the action of the Government. My good fellow, we can't do without you in the House; we might as well try to do without the Speaker."

For a few seconds they walked up and down in silence; at last Winterbourne said with a sigh—

"Well, I don't know what may happen; but in the meantime I think I shall take Yolande away for another long trip somewhere."

"Again? Already?"

"I don't care where; but the moment I find myself on the deck of a ship, and Yolande beside me, then I feel as if all care had dropped away from me. I feel safe; I can breathe freely. Oh, by-the-way! I meant to ask if you knew anything of a Colonel Graham? You have been so often to Scotland shooting. I thought you might know."

"But there are so many Grahams."

"Inverstry, I think, is the name of his place."

"Oh, that Graham. Yes, I should think so—a lucky beggar. Inverstry fell plump into his hands some three or four years ago—quite unexpectedly—one of the finest estates in Inverness-shire. I don't think India will see him again."

"His wife seems a nice sort of woman," said Mr. Winterbourne, with the slightest touch of interrogation.

"I don't know her. She is his second wife. She is a daughter of Lord Lym."

"They are down at Oatlands just now. Yolande has made their acquaintance, and they have been very kind to her. Well, this Colonel Graham was saying the other evening that he felt as though he had been long enough in the old country, and would like to take a P. and O. trip as far as Malta, or Suez, or Aden, just to renew his acquaintance with the old route. In fact, they proposed that Yolande and I should join them."

"The very thing!" said John Shortlands, facetiously. "What did I say? A P. and O. voyage will marry off any body who is willing to marry."

"I meant nothing of the kind," said the other, somewhat out of temper. "Yolande may not marry at all. If I went with these friends of hers it would not be 'to get rid of her,' as you say."

"My dear fellow, don't quarrel with me," said his friend, with more consideration than was habitual with him. "I really understand your position very well. You wish to see Yolande married and settled in life and removed from—from certain possibilities. But you don't like the sacrifice; and I don't wonder at that; I admit it will be rather rough on you. But it is the way of the world; other people's daughters get married. Indeed, Winterbourne, I think

it would be better for both of you. You would have less anxiety. And I hope she'll find a young fellow who is worthy of her; for she is a thundering good girl, that's what I think; and whoever he is he'll get a prize—though I don't imagine you will be over well disposed towards him, old chap."

"If Yolande is happy, that will be enough for me," said the other, absently, as Big Ben overhead began to toll the hour of twelve.

By this time the Terrace was quite deserted; and after some little further chat (Mr. Winterbourne had lost much of his nervousness now, and of course all his talking was about Yolande, and her ways, and her liking for travel, and her anxiety to get rid of her half-French accent, and so forth), they turned into the House, where they separated, Winterbourne taking his seat below the gangway on the Government side, John Shortlands depositing his magnificent bulk on one of the Opposition benches.

There was a general hum of conversation. There was also, as presently appeared, some laborious discourse going forward on the part of a handsome-looking elderly gentleman—a gentleman who, down in the country, was known to be everything that an Englishman could wish to be: an efficient magistrate, a plucky rider to hounds, an admirable husband and father, and a firm believer in the Articles of the Church of England. Unhappily, alas, he had acquired some other beliefs. He had got it into his head that he was an orator; and as he honestly did believe that talking was of value to the State—that it was a builder up and maintainer of Empire—he was now most seriously engaged in clothing some rather familiar ideas in long and Latinised phrases, the while the House murmured to itself about its own affairs, and the Speaker gazed blankly into space, and the reporters in the Gallery thought of their courting days, or of their wives and children, or of their supper, and wondered when they were to get home to bed. The speech had a half somnolent effect; and those who were so inclined had an excellent opportunity for the dreaming of dreams.

What dreams, then, were likely to visit the brain of the member for Slagpool, as he sat there with his eyes distraught? His getting up some fateful evening to move a vote of want of confidence in the Government? His appearance on the platform of the Slagpool Mechanics' Institute, with the great mass of people rising and cheering and waving their handkerchiefs? Or perhaps some day—for who could tell what changes the years might bring?—his taking his place on the Treasury bench there?

He had got hold of a bluebook. It was the Report of a Royal Commission; but of course all the cover of the folio volume was not printed over—there were blank spaces. And so (while those laborious and ponderous sentences were being poured out to inattentive ears) the member for Slagpool began idly and yet thoughtfully to pencil certain letters up at one corner of the blue cover. He was a long time about it; perhaps he saw pictures as he slowly and contemplatively formed each letter; perhaps no one but himself could have made out what the uncertain pencilling meant. But it was not of politics he was thinking. The letters that he had faintly pencilled there—that he was still wistfully regarding as though they could show him things far away—formed the word *YOLANDE*. It was like a lover.

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT ARTFUL VICAR."
THE DEVOTEE.

Miss Thornicraft was a sickly, motherless girl, with a tendency to hysteria, which was the true source of her celebrity. She had a poor mind, a nervous nature, and a lean soul, with little of human sympathy or generous feeling; but with a quantity of vanity stored up about her altogether surprising in so frail and small a creature. She felt a desire to make herself remarkable before she was out of her teens; and as the thing was difficult to manage by ordinary means, she threw herself into devotion, much as a person who wanted to attract attention rather than to be drowned might stand screaming on the parapet of a bridge in a public thoroughfare, and give ostentatious evidence of a purpose to commit suicide. She wanted excitement to relieve the monotony of existence in Cadogan-terrace, and she got it that way. She took up pious affectation as tipplers resort to stimulants, and her sanctified airs and graces were mental drams from which she derived excitement. What balls, theatres, and concerts, are to healthy minded young women, vestments, ritualism, and intoning, were to Miss Thornicraft. She adopted a high falsetto tone of religion. She learned strange fashions of turning up and casting down her eyes, as though they moved on hinges; and her manners conveyed a tacit assertion that she considered herself a chosen vessel. She seemed to take it for granted that her fellow-creatures had no idea of the way to Heaven, and would be quite at a loss to understand the place if they got there, by means of her guidance. She implied that no other road could possibly be open to them. She talked a sort of ecclesiastical gibberish, from which it appeared that she was regenerated; but she was not pleasant to her friends, or kind to her servants, or attentive to her household duties. She gave way freely to her own caprices, just as she had done when unregenerate. She had a sharp eye for her own small interests, she had an unforgetting temper, and was secretly very fond of good living. But in the upholstery of her new profession she was perfect. She fitted up a room, which was never used, with all the appliances of picturesque asceticism. It looked like a cell belonging to a nun of a rigid order. There was a prim bed in it, and at the head of the bed there was a crucifix; at the side of it there was a dim oil-lamp always burning, and an odour of incense pervaded the apartment, which had originally been a kind of closet leading out of a bath-room. There were also some books about, with mortified bindings.

Perhaps the secret of her perverse ways might have been found in the fact that she was not good-looking, and had no admirers. Her home, too, was not so pleasant as it should have been: she was the daughter of a somewhat blustering, over busy man, who lived much in public, and had no time to notice her whims and her ways. He gave her so much a week to manage the domestic concerns of his establishment, and then thought no more of either of them. For this parent—loud, stout, and commonplace—she cherished a shrinking contempt and aversion, and she often bemoaned her fate in not having a father more in accordance with her tastes and aspirations. Indeed, she went generally into the martyr business, and the resigned manner in which she would help the pudding (viewed by strict sectarians as an unnecessary creature comfort) which figured at their Sunday dinner was truly edifying, for on Sundays only Mr. Thornicraft shared the family meal. Before it was over, his daughter had mutely left the room, and was on the way to hear some preacher who happened just then to be before the law courts, with the serious butler behind her carrying a conspicuous prayer-book, while a char-woman cleared the table. The worst of it was that Mr. Thornicraft, who was commonly called "Jolly Tom" among his familiars, was not even aware of what was

going on under his own eyes. He thought her rather a comical girl, and told her so; but it was his practice never to interfere in household affairs. She did precisely as she pleased without comment from him; and this angered her the more. Indeed, she was so incensed at one time that she became aggressive, and determined to convert Mr. Thornicraft. She put tracts on his dressing-room table, and eliminated meat from the Sunday dinner during Lent. But Jolly Tom only wiped his razors on the tracts, which he fancied were specious advertisements of some new nostrum; and, thinking that an accident had happened in the kitchen, went quietly off to dine at a club. His house was not cheerful, and he saw less and less of it ever afterwards.

Having thus estranged her father and practically got rid of all her duties, the outward signs of devotion occupied all her time. She had nothing else to do than to invent sanctimonious phrases and attitudes. Her family were well off, but they were not rich enough to entertain sycophants or dependents; so that if she had wanted society she must have worked for it, and then have been content to play a subordinate part, as she had discovered greatly to her annoyance when she had turned that way for amusement. In truth, society is only pleasant for very rich or very agreeable people, and Miss Thornicraft had no place there. She derived much more entertainment from conversations with ardent clergymen upon the abstruse points which separate the Church of England from the Church of Rome and she could any day take up the afternoon of a Catholic Archbishop if she expressed a desire to be converted as soon as her mind was fully satisfied touching the doctrines upheld by the Papacy. Catholic Archbishops and their coadjutors are among the most polished and gentlemanly men in the world. They treated their new disciple with a delicacy and urbanity that made her abhor the very shadow of "Jolly Tom," wondering more and more how she, who was of so elegant and refined a nature, the very porcelain of human clay, could have come of such a progenitor. She met people very different from her father at the oratories and chapels of the Catholic Prelates and Monsignori. Some of them were pale men with lofty foreheads and meditative mien, given wholly up to prayer and fasting; others were pleasant, mellow-voiced priests, who had a fund of nice small-talk, in which more common-sense than she quite liked was wrapped up. One or two of them advised her to get married and busy herself with common things, as the life most agreeable to the Divine will in such a case as hers; and an illustrious scholar and divine whom she saw last recommended her, after three days' reflection over the communication she had made to him, "to consult a physician." She went no more to consult him after that; but there were Protestant theologians enough to serve her turn, and they did it eagerly, enthusiastically, when she announced herself in their vestries and studies as a brand to be saved from the burning. She ought to have been better acquainted with the pitch of religious controversy than any other person of her age and generation, so much and so often did she hear of the Thirty-nine Articles and the infallibility claimed by the sovereign Pontiff. Zealous clergy were never tired of defending their faith, and were ready to go over their arguments again and again to carry conviction to her understanding where it was still in doubt. They received Miss Thornicraft as a highly superior person, far above the common run of young women. She became first an honoured guest and then a privileged person even in episcopal palaces and cosy demerics. It gratified the innocent vanity of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Honeymonds to address his favourite argument against the Jesuits to the sympathetic ear of Miss Thornicraft over a cup of bohea sound as his doctrine and sweet as his language, for his Lordship was a mighty champion of the Established Church, and his printed works had not always met with so wide a welcome as they deserved, so that he had much to explain when he found a willing and respectful listener. The Very Reverend the Dean of Chelsea was also not unwilling to convince the world that he too was a stalwart labourer in the Vineyard, and could show a convert on occasion as well as Henry Edward of Westminster or Monsignor Capel on the other side. It was good to hear the Dean addressing Miss Thornicraft in his richest and most mellifluous voice when select company were present at his well-spread board, and mildly rejoicing over her as a sheep that had been lost but was found through his humble endeavours and final victory over the great, he might say the immense, spiritual temptations and subtleties opposed to him.

Possibly Miss Thornicraft could hardly have done better for herself in a social point of view, for she succeeded in getting into much better company than would have been otherwise accessible to her. She saw some women of whom the world was not worthy, and some perhaps who were not worthy of the world; but they were all decorous and influential people, who overlooked her defects, or were blind to them; while repeating over their own, either in reality or in appearance. She formed almost an intimacy with Miss Merton, who had met with an overwhelming sorrow—her affianced husband having been condemned to ignominious punishment in error. The trial had been noised abroad as usual when a reputation is murdered. The public amends afterwards tardily made had no such echo; and when her betrothed had died of his disgrace, Miss Merton became a hospital nurse and a Sunday-school teacher, honoured and revered by half the Church dignitaries in London who were brought in contact with her. Miss Thornicraft also made acquaintance with Mrs. Winnington, whose children had emigrated, and whose belongings were all dead, leaving her no consolation save in prayer and doing good. The beautiful charity of these noble ladies in a manner consecrated Miss Thornicraft; and after she had lived long among them in communion of speech and action she, too, grew tender and better, living gradually upwards as they beckoned to her; till at last she rose, on whiter and whiter wings, to a level of worth and honour with them. As she advanced in years she left off much of her ecclesiastical millinery and adornment, growing always more modest and more helpful. Her health improved as her heart was quieted and her affections were satisfied; till, by-and-by, she took her father into favour, and made his extreme old age sweet with daughterly care and loving words. She had adopted piety as a garment till it had become the habit of her life, and gave a sober grace and fashion to her works and ways.

Jewellery of the value of about £300 was stolen last Saturday morning from the shop of Mr. J. M. Walter, pawnbroker, Aldersgate-street. The assistant had taken down the shutters and had run across the road for some rolls, when two men broke the window and escaped with some rings.

The Post-Office authorities announce that the rates of commission chargeable on money orders issued on foreign countries, British colonies, and postal agencies abroad are now as follows:—For sums not exceeding £2, 6d.; above £2, and not exceeding £5, 1s.; above £5, and not exceeding £7, 1s. 6d.; above £7, and not exceeding £10, 2s.—There is a new issue of foreign post-cards of six sorts, three of them single and three double or reply post-cards, the latter bearing a stamp on each portion.

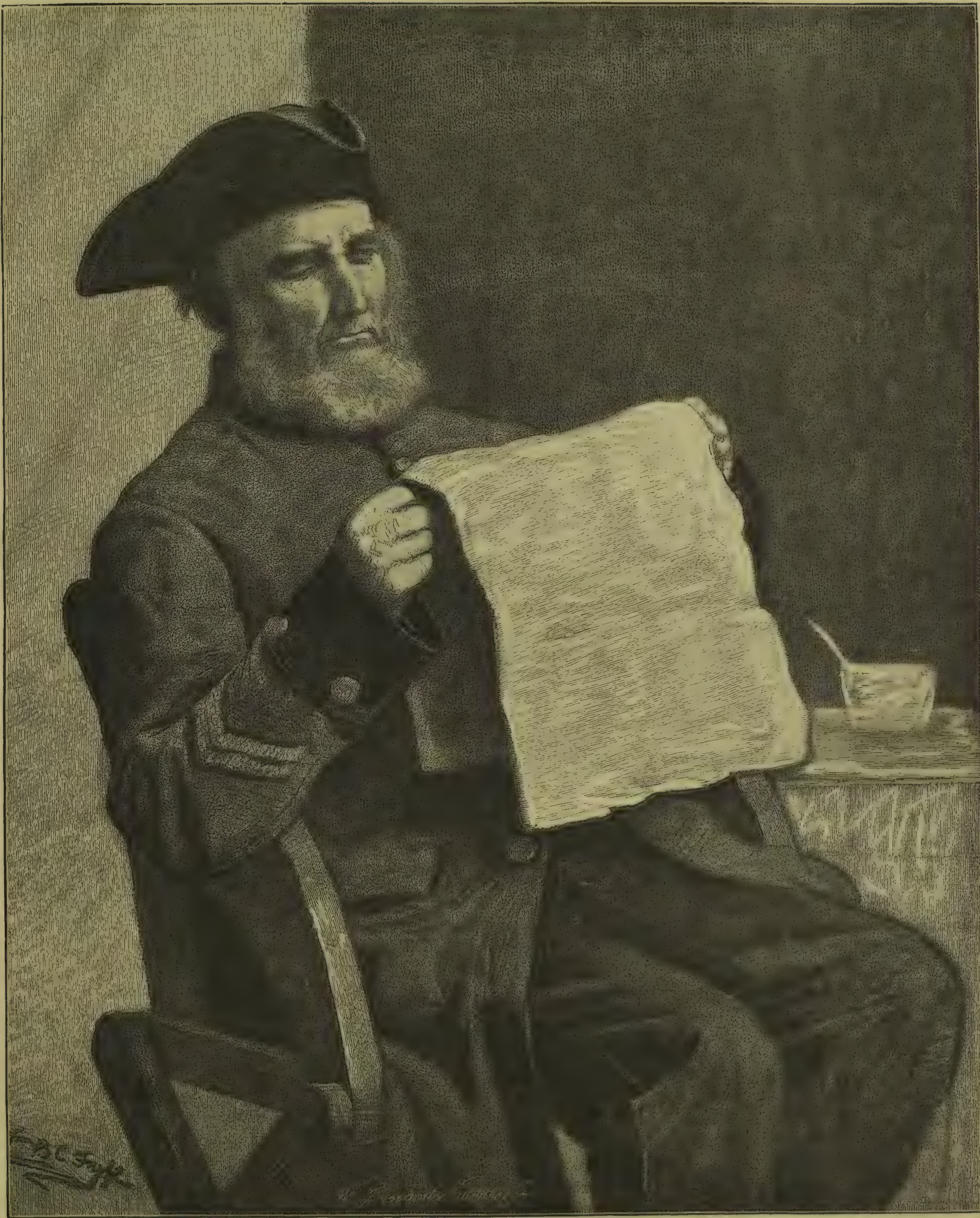
S K E T C H E S I N C A I R O .



MAT-MAKERS.



THE DANCE OF THE STICK.



THE LATEST NEWS. BY THE LATE W. B. C. FYFE.

OBITUARY.

SIR H. B. WREY, BART.

The Rev. Sir Henry Boucher Wrey, ninth Baronet, of Tawstock Court, Devon, died at Corflic, near Barnstaple. He was born in 1797, the youngest son of Sir Boucher Wrey, seventh Baronet, D.C.L., by Anne, his second wife, daughter of Mr. John Osborne, of Alderley, Gloucestershire; was educated at Eton, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1819, and, having taken orders, became Rector of Tawstock in 1840. In 1879, at the death of his half-brother, he succeeded as ninth Baronet. He married, first, in 1827, Ellen Maria, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Roundell Toko, of Godinton, Kent; and secondly, in 1863, Jane, daughter of Mr. H. Lamb, of Ryton, and widow of Mr. John Stevenson. His eldest son is now Sir Henry Boucher Wrey, tenth Baronet. The family of Wrey, one of antiquity and eminence, descends from Sir William Wrey of Trebitch, Cornwall, on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1628.

SIR W. C. MEDLYCOTT, BART.

Sir William Coles Medlycott, second Baronet, of Ven, Somerset, died on the 23rd ult., at his seat, near Milborne Port, in his seventy-seventh year. He was the eldest son of Sir William Coles Medlycott, of Ven, M.P. for Melborne Port (who was created a Baronet in 1808), by Elizabeth, his wife, only daughter of Mr. William Tugwell, of Bradford Wells. He succeeded to the title at his father's death, in 1835, and served as High Sheriff of Somerset in 1839. He married, in 1830, Sarah Jeffery, only daughter of the Rev. Edward Bradford, and by her (who died in 1879) leaves several children, of whom the eldest son is now Sir William Coles Paget Medlycott, third Baronet, born June 6, 1831.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieut.-General John Crosbie Graves, C.B., late Bombay Cavalry, aged sixty-two.

Lady Knatchbull (Fanny Catherine), widow of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart., mother of Lord Brabourne and daughter of Mr. Edward Knight, of Godmersham Park, Kent, on the 24th ult., aged about ninety.

Lady Ffolkes (Charlotte Philippa), widow of Sir W. H. B. Ffolkes, Bart., and sister of Dominick, first Lord Orammore, on the 23rd ult., in her eighty-fifth year. Her grandson is the present Sir W. H. B. Ffolkes, Bart.

Lady Sophia Tower, wife of Mr. Christopher Tower, of Huntsmore Park, Bucks, and Weald Hall, Essex, formerly M.P. for Bucks, and only daughter of John, first Earl Brownlow, on the 21st ult., aged seventy-one.

Captain Henry Ludlow Lopes, 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, second son of Mr. Ralph Ludlow Lopes, of Sandridge Park, Wilts, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Mr. S. Trehawe Kekewich, M.P., and nephew of Sir Massey Lopes, Bart., at Cairo, on the 10th ult.

Mr. Samuel Richard Bosanquet, of Dingestow Court, Monmouthshire, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, on the 27th ult., aged eighty-two. He was the senior representative of the Bosanquets, who emigrated from France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Lady Houstoun-Boswall (Euphemia), wife of Sir George Houstoun-Boswall, Bart., on the 29th ult., aged sixty-four. Her Ladyship, only daughter of Thomas Boswall, of Blackadder, in the county of Berwick, married, in 1847, Sir George Houstoun, who assumed, in her right, the additional surname of Boswall.

Lady Katharine Petre, widow of the Hon. Arthur Petre, of Coptford, Essex, and youngest daughter and coheir of William, fourth Earl of Wicklow, on the 27th ult. Her Ladyship leaves a large family, of which the two eldest daughters are married—viz., Beatrice Mary, wife of Henry Ferrers Croxton, Esq.; and Adela Jane, wife of Mr. John Michael Sweetman-Powell, of Lamberton Park, Queen's County.

Lieutenant Eugene L. Brett, Scots Guards, son of the Right Hon. Lord Justice and Lady Brett, aged twenty-seven, of fever, contracted in Egypt. He was formerly A.D.C. to the Marquis of Rhyon, K.G., and to Sir Frederick Roberts. In the Egyptian war he served as A.D.C. to Major-General Sir H. Macpherson, K.C.B., and had the medal and clasp for Tel-el-Kebir.

Captain W. H. White, late of the 11th Hussars, son of the late Mr. W. White, brother of the first Lord Annaly. He was educated at Harrow, served as High Sheriff of the county of Longford in 1866, after leaving the 11th Hussars. He was Captain of the Longford Rifles (Militia) until 1867. In 1864 he married Alice Clara, daughter of Edmund Floyd Cuppage, of Clare Grove, in the county of Dublin, and Mount Edwards, in the county of Antrim. He had issue one son, who died in infancy. It was an interesting incident in his life that, acting as correspondent for a London newspaper, in the Franco-German war, he was seized, and sentenced by Marshal Bazaine to be shot as a spy. Happily, credentials turned up in time to save him.

In a report on the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, forwarded by the Duke of Edinburgh to the Secretary of the Admiralty, his Royal Highness suggests that capitulation grants should be made, in order that the force should be rendered more efficient. Strict attendance at drill and other qualifications should be insisted on before a claim for the grant should be recognised. His Royal Highness proposes that an experiment should be made at one of the places where battalions have been established.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

NOVICK WALTER.—Surely you would not mutilate our Paper for a Scrap-book! Why not keep the numbers and preserve the chess column in good solid binding?

A M (Nottingham).—Always good and always welcome.

THIRDS (Edinburgh).—Your letter is very interesting, and the end games shall be examined and reported on. Many thanks for your good wishes.

E L.—We have not the position at hand, but shall examine the variation you suggest.

C S W (Nottingham).—Your solutions were acknowledged last week under your address, as no name was appended to them. The objection to a check on the first move of the solution of a problem is that it is always, or almost so, too obviously the right attack.

C W (Southport).—The game shall have due honours, if found interesting.

D W G (Barnaul, Siberia).—A very acceptable budget of games. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

L L (New Brighton).—Thanks; the problem shall be examined.

We desire to thank our correspondents for Christmas Cards and good wishes, that are cordially reciprocated.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2015, 2016, 2017 received from An Amateur (Mauritius); of 2021 from S. Subramania (Madras); and of 2022 and 2023 from Rev. John Wills (Portland, U.S.A.).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2023 received from Jumbo, Dr F St, E Loudon, and W F R (Swansea).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2026 received from Jumbo, New Forest, W Biddle, C S Wood, W F R (Swansea), A Chapman, E Loudon, Cecil Warburton, James Robertson, and E J Posno.

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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No 2026.

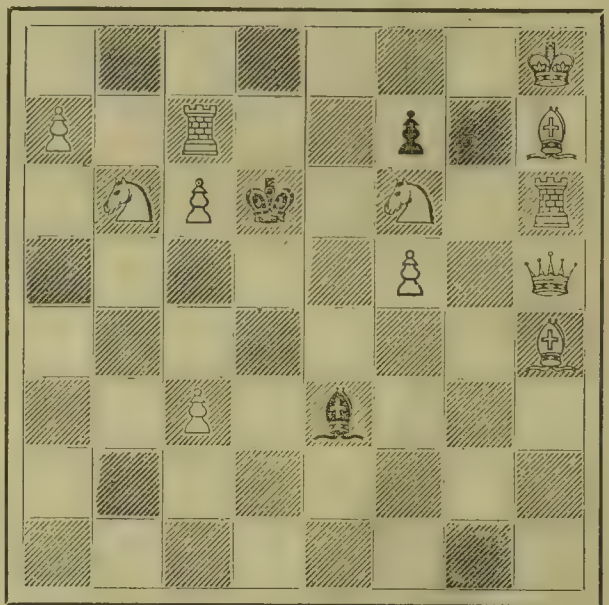
WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q 6th. K to B 4th*
2. Kt to K B 4th (ch) K moves
3. Q mates.

* If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, White continues with 2. Kt to K B 2nd; and if 1. Kt to Q Kt 5th, with 2. Kt takes Kt, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2029.

By F. O'NEIL HOPKINS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The following Game was played at Barnaul, Siberia, on Nov. 8 last. Coming from a region so remote, it is a remarkable witness to the spread of Chess in modern times, and, if we may be permitted to say so, to the world-wide circulation of the Illustrated London News. The players on this occasion were Messrs. D. W. CLARK and Mons. B.

(Algebraic Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (M. B.)
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd. P to K Kt 4th
4. P to K R 4th. P to Kt 5th
5. Kt to K 5th. P to K R 4th

An absolute line of defence. Either 5. B to K 2nd or 5. Kt to K B 3rd is now considered the *comp. juste*.

6. B to Q B 4th. R to R 2nd

The Seventh Game in the Match between Messrs. THOROLD and FEDDEN at the Clifton Chess Club.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th. P to Q B 4th
2. P to Q 4th. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd. P to K 4th

The attempt to secure the Pawn is very unlike Black's usual style. The best line of defence here is 3. P to K 3rd, followed by 4. Kt to K B 3rd.

4. B to Q B 4th. P to K R 3rd
5. B takes P (ch). K takes B
6. Kt takes P (ch). Kt to B 3rd
7. P to K B 4th. Kt to Q B 3rd

7. P to Q 3rd leads to much the same thing.

8. Q to R 5th. Kt takes Kt
9. P takes Kt (ch). Kt to K 2nd
10. B to Kt 5th (ch). P takes B
11. Q takes R. Kt to R 3rd

Very well played. If Black take the Queen, mate follows in three moves.

18. Q takes B (ch). Q takes Q
19. Q takes Q. B to R 3rd
20. R takes Q. B takes Kt
21. P to Q Kt 3rd. B takes Kt
22. P takes B. R takes P
23. R to Q Kt 5th, and Black resigned.

The following curious Game was the first between Messrs. DELMAR and CARPENTER in the current Manhattan Club tourney. Mr. Delmar yielded the odds of Q Kt, which piece should, therefore, be removed from White's side of the board.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. D.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd. Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th. Kt takes P
4. Kt takes P. P to K B 4th
5. B to Q B 4th. Kt to K 3rd
6. Castles.

The *King, King, and Farm* of New York, from which paper we quote this game, truly observes that Mr. Delmar should here have played 6. Kt takes K B P.

WHITE (Mr. D.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
7. B to Kt 5th (ch) B to Q 2nd
8. Kt takes B. P to Q R 3rd

The mate that follows this weak move is a very curious one.

9. Kt to B 6th (ch) K to K 2nd
10. Kt to Q 5th. Mate.

The Inver-County chess-match between Lancashire and Yorkshire, after many vicissitudes in the negotiations, has at length been arranged to be played at the Mechanics' Institute, Leeds, on Saturday the 20th instant. There will be fifty players on each side, selected from the strongest players resident in the two counties. These will be paired according to their reputed skill, and a close struggle may, therefore, be confidently anticipated. The council of the Leeds Chess Club, upon whom all the preliminary arrangements of the match will fall, will be assisted by a county executive committee, and it is proposed to appoint twenty gentlemen to act as stewards, to promote the convenience and comfort of the visitors. For these ample space will be provided to enable them to witness the spectacle, at popular prices. Members, subscribers, and guarantors of one guinea will be admitted to the body of the hall during the play, and also to the "Tea" to be held at the Queen's Hotel in the evening. Intending visitors will be furnished with further particulars on application to Mr. E. B. Hussey, honorary secretary of the Leeds Chess Club, 21, Queen's-square, Leeds.

In London the Christmas holidays have led to a cessation of matches between the suburban clubs; but the "merry war" will be resumed in the course of a week or two.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated Jan. 7, 1878) of the Right Hon. William George, Baron Chesham, late of Latimer, Bucks, who died on June 26 last, were proved on the 15th ult. by Lord Edward Cavendish, and the Earl of Leicester, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £105,000. The testator leaves his leasehold house in Grosvenor-street, with the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects to his wife for life; at her death they are directed to be sold, and the proceeds paid to his sons, William Edwin and Edwin William; he also leaves to his wife £3000, certain jewellery, ornaments, plate and plated articles, all his carriages and such horses as she may select; and to his house steward, William Knight, £100. His real estate in the counties of Lincoln and Northampton is devised upon trust for sale, and the produce, together with all his money and securities for money, including policies of insurance, are to be held upon trust to pay an annuity of £1000 to his wife in addition to her jointure, £640 per annum to his unmarried daughter while unmarried, and, subject thereto, for his two younger sons. The residue of the personal estate he gives to his eldest son. The settled estates are charged with the payment of £7500 in favour of all his children, except his eldest son and his daughter the Countess of Leicester.

The will (dated April 15, 1878) of the Right Hon. Sophia Penelope, Baroness Hylton, late of No. 16, Stratton-street, Piccadilly, who died on Aug. 27 last at Munstead, near Godalming, has been proved by George Sheffield, the brother, and the Hon. Albert Hood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testatrix leaves a capital sum, to produce £500 per annum, upon trust, for her brother, Henry Digby Sheffield, and his family; and numerous legacies, pecuniary and specific, to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her brothers, George and John Charles Sheffield, and to her sister, Mrs. Louisa Hornby. The deceased's first husband was the Earl of Ilchester.

The will (dated April 28, 1880) of Mr. Owen Clutton, late of No. 6, Bessborough-street, South Belgravia, who died on Oct. 27 last at Brighton, was proved on the 12th ult. by John Clutton and Henry Clutton, the brothers, and Edward Walter Haines, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £50,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, and the Hospital for Incurables, Putney; £50 each to the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, and the London Orphan Asylum; and legacies to brothers, nephews, nieces, and others. As to his property at Walworth, he leaves one half, upon trust, for his brother John for life, and then for his children; and the other half, upon trust, for his brother Henry for life, and then for his children. His residuary estate is to be held upon trust for the children of his brother John.

The will (dated March 21, 1882) of Mrs. Sophia Franklyn, late of Birchwood, Sydenham Hill, who died on Oct. 29 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Holland Franklyn, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testatrix makes some specific bequests to her children; and gives £1000 to her daughter, Mrs. Sophia Blackden; £1000 to the children of her late daughter, Mrs. Fanny Blackden; and legacies to servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves upon trust for her three sons, Holland, Thomas Edmund, and Frederic.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1880) of Major-General Olaus John M'Leod Farrington, late of No. 17, Clarence-parade, Southsea, who died on Nov. 5 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Lieutenant-General Lindsay Farrington, the brother, and Herbert Rougemont, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £18,000. There are bequests in favour of his wife, Mrs. Florence Farrington, and legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for his wife for life, or so long as she shall continue his widow, and then for his son, John James Hunter Farrington, and all his children by his said wife. The testator declares that the provision made in his will for his wife is in addition to that made for her by settlement.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1869), with four codicils (dated Jan. 27, 1870; Oct. 26, 1874; Dec. 2, 1875; and Aug. 21, 1879), of the Venerable James Randall, formerly of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, afterwards Canon of Bristol and Archdeacon of Berks, but late of Binfield Rectory, Berks, who died on Nov. 19 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Richard William Randall, and the Venerable James Leslie Randall, Archdeacon of Buckingham, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £15,000. With the exception of a legacy to his son-in-law, the only legatees under the will are testator's six children.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1878) of Mr. Henry James Thompson, formerly of Belfast, afterwards of No. 44, Russell-road, Kensington, but late of No. 61, Milson-road, Hammersmith, who died on Oct. 16 last, has been proved by William Frederic Thompson, the brother and sole executor, the personal estate exceeding £8000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his said brother absolutely.

THE COCK TAVERN, FLEET-STREET.

O, plump head-waiter at the Cock,
To which I most resort!
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock—
Go, fetch a pint of port.

This beginning verse of "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue," composed at "The Cock," by Alfred Tenmyson, more than forty years ago, lags far behind the noble flights of poetry, idyllic, meditative, and heroic, to which his Muse—then called by Bulwer a "pulling Muse"—has raised the Poet Laureate of our own generation. But literary and local traditions, connected with a renowned personality, are likely to endure for ages, even beyond that future period, mournfully foreseen in his "In Memoriam," when its author expects that

A man upon a stall shall find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief—long changed to something else—
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

There is no symptom of such grief in the "Lyrical Monologue"; where a briefless barrister or law-student of the Temple, dreaming much more of literary fame than of his professional business, sits over his wine in pensive solitude, but with a pleasing indulgence of his playful fancies. He begins to suspect that he will never be a poet, after all his trouble in composing and correcting verses,

To add and alter many times,
Till all be ripe and rotten;

but his thoughts still turn upon those figures of classical poetry and mythology, with which he has become familiar by his University scholarship; and presently, as the fumes of the Lusitanian grape-juice ascend into his brain, the plump head-waiter is transformed into Ganymede, cup-bearer to the Olympic Gods; the gilt wooden Cock, over the doorway in Fleet-street, becomes another Bird of Jove, as grand as any Eagle; while "the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling," sees how and where, in the

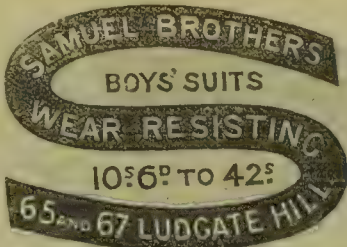
(Continued on page 24.)

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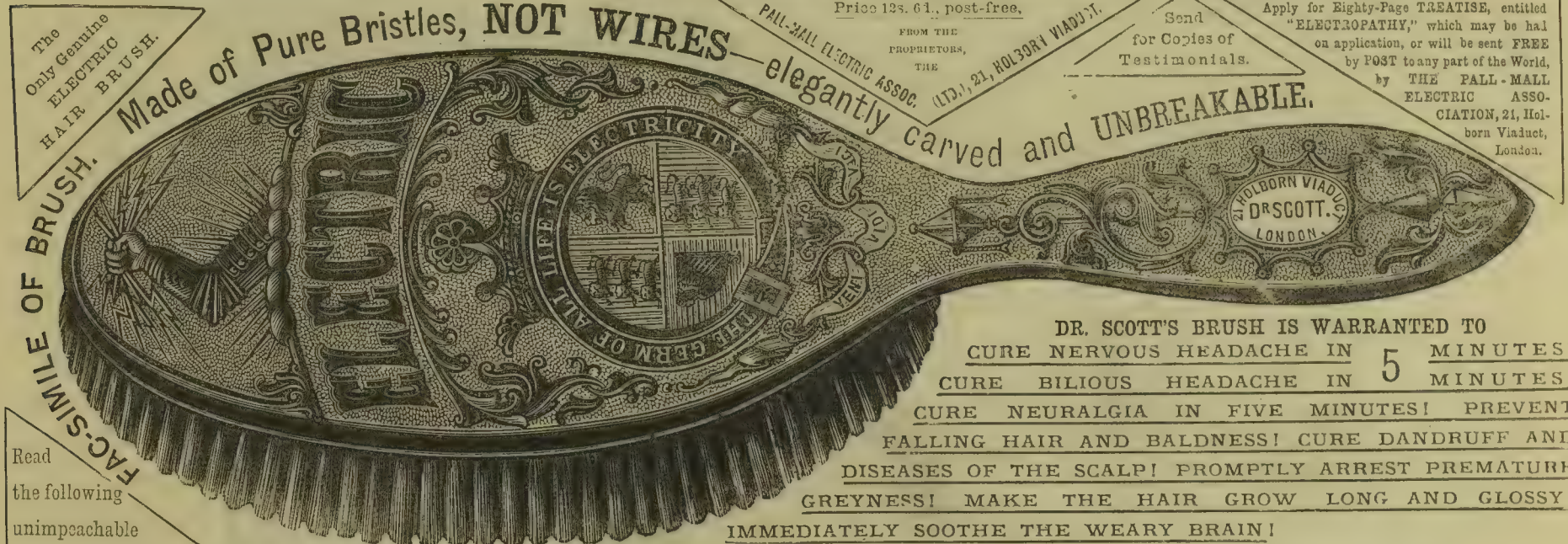
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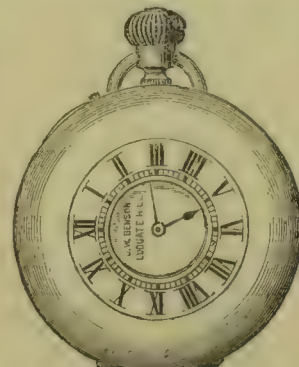

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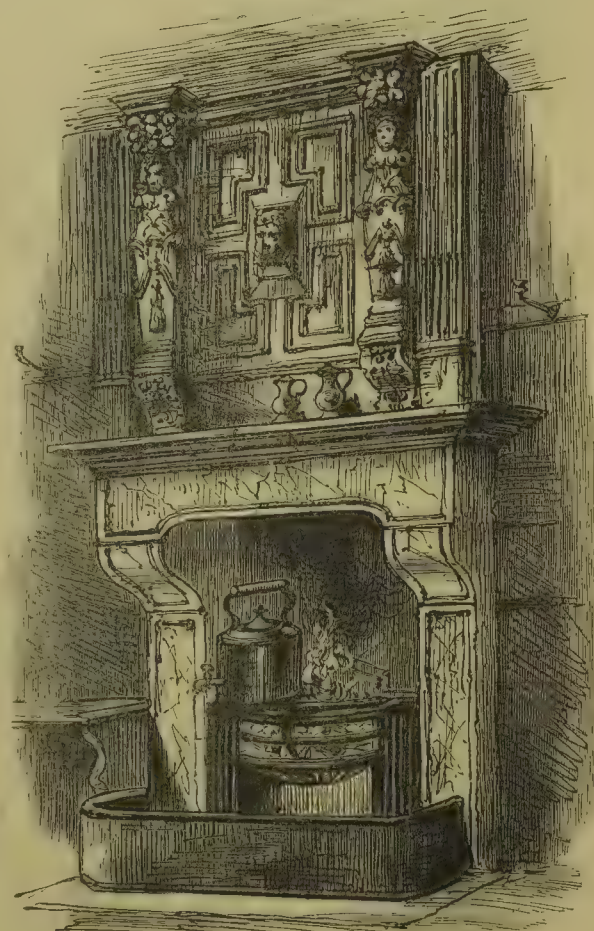
BARRISTERS' ROOM AT THE NEW ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

farm-yard of some English hamlet, the Cock repeated that marvellous feat of the fabulous Eagle, pouncing upon the simple rustic youth, lifting him sublimely aloft, and carrying him far away to the divine mansions of beatific tranquillity, thenceforth to serve the flowing nectar, or any kind of earthly

OLD ENTRANCE TO THE COCK TAVERN,
FLEET-STREET.

liquor, wine, beer, or spirits, according to the customer's taste and purse. We have never, indeed, been able to understand how it was that Mr. Will Waterproof, having ordered and drunk a pint of the very finest port—such port as few of us can taste, for love or money, in these degenerate days—should have had only half a crown to pay; he must have reckoned

without his host, or the wine must have so bemused his intelligence that he could not reckon money at all. But it is long ago since Tennyson wrote this humorous little piece; and we regret to say that not only the old head-waiter, but the jolly golden bird over the doorway, has disappeared; and the comfortable, homely interior, with its narrow sanded floor, its hospitable fire-place, its "boxes, fragrant with the steam of forty thousand dinners," and the snug green curtains that shelter the cosy occupants of each box, is doomed to speedy destruction. As for the Cock, whose effigy would have been a priceless acquisition to any Tennyson Club—there is a Browning Club—or to any possessor of a handsome library, to fix him above the shelves of choice editions of the Poet Laureate's works and Tennysonianism, we have learned, with shame and sorrow, that the Cock was stolen by some rascals unknown, about six months ago. It is to the loss of this Palladium of contemporary English poetry that we shall for ever ascribe the decline of taste and genius already perceptible in our national literature—and we suspect that the failure of Tennyson's "Promises of May," whether immediately from a deficiency of popular taste or from the author's lack of dramatic genius, may have originated in the anger of Jove—the Muses are daughters of Jove—for this nefarious and sacrilegious Rape of the Cock. The famous old Tavern, where many of us, elderly Londoners, have spent many happy hours in social converse over a wholesome meal (the succulent mutton chop, beef-steak, pork-steak, or kidneys), with an innocent glass of sound Irish or Scotch whisky hot, to follow, will be demolished, but only to be rebuilt, in the course of the next six months. Its history, extending above two hundred years, attested by farthing tokens bearing date 1655, is associated with many anecdotes of literary biography, some of which have recently been presented in the "Journalistic London" of Mr. Joseph Hatton. These reminiscences give a special interest to our farewell illustrations of the lately dismantled doorway, in Fleet-street, near Temple Bar, and of the ancient fire-place where it is still our privilege, for a few months longer, occasionally to be "warmed and filled." The handsome mantelpiece of oak panelling, with decorative carving which reaches the ceiling, is much older than the rest of the fittings; they say it is four hundred years old, and we should judge it, certainly, to be of the sixteenth century. We hope it will be preserved in the rebuilding of the Cock Tavern, which will no doubt be a much more elegant place, and will furnish meat and cheering drink of as good quality; but which can never be so much endeared, to the lover of literary antiquities and agreeable personalities, as this beloved haunt of the Templars.



OLD FIRE-PLACE, COCK TAVERN.



M. GAMBETTA PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF THE CORPS LÉGISLATIF, SEPT. 4, 1870.

THE LATE M. GAMBETTA.

Five minutes before midnight on New-Year's Eve, the breath of life and the fiery soul passed out of the mortal body of a mighty orator and commanding politician, who for twelve years past, though with only a brief holding of the titles of political office, has exerted more power than any other man over the Republican movement of the French nation. Twelve years ago, it was this Léon Gambetta, a young man of thirty-two, a rising advocate at the Bar, elected by Paris and Marseilles to a seat in the Corps Législatif, the most daring and uncompromising leader of the Opposition to Napoleon III.'s Empire, who took in hand the government of the country and the conduct of defensive war, after the huge military disasters that overthrew the Imperial rule; it was he who rallied the patriotism and martial spirit of France, in Paris and at Tours, to resist the foreign invader, and who continued at Bordeaux to reorganise the national forces; it was by his example, as well as by his administrative energy and ability, that the nation was preserved from being yet more entirely crushed, and from being rendered incapable, for a long time, perhaps, of reasserting its dignity and independence. Five or six years ago, when the Bonapartist and Monarchical factions, with Marshal MacMahon as President, supported by the reactionary majority in the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and relying upon the assistance of the army, prepared to destroy the new Republican Constitution, it was this Léon Gambetta who denounced their conspiracy, and who roused the French people to prevent the accomplishment of their insidious design. The present French Republic owes its political existence, therefore, to Gambetta's repeated personal efforts in the conduct of its cause; and it may with equal truth be said that France owes to him, whatever may have been the erroneous and perilous tendencies of his more recent policy, her retention of a high place among the nations of Europe. These great services to his country have fairly earned for Gambetta the admiring gratitude of most of the French people; though some of his acts, especially those of legislation to the injury of Catholic religious interests, or of the clergy and teachers of that Church, have occasioned bitter resentment. It is further questionable whether the position that he occupied, and the professions which he must have continually renewed, as the champion of French military enterprise, bound to a menace of ultimate retaliation upon the victorious enemy of France, and to the high-handed assertion of French claims in different parts of the world, could have been favourable to a general peace. No censure, however, is hereby intended to be cast upon him on this account, seeing that he must be regarded as a French politician, the leading representative of the popular ideas and present feelings of his own nation, without much deference to the abiding interests of mankind in general; though he was personally free from vindictive animosity, so far as we can perceive, against Germany or any other foreign country. It is, therefore, but just that his great qualities, his courage, energy, and genius, and his fidelity to the national cause, should be frankly acknowledged by contemporary opinion throughout the world.

Léon Michel Gambetta was a native of the South of France, but whose parentage seems to have been derived, like that of Garibaldi, from the Italian Riviera, the ancient Genoese territory. He was born at Cahors, on April 3, 1838. His father was a seller of crockery ware, having set up shop with the small dowry of his wife, Mdlle. Massabio. His grandfather, Léon Gambetta, was a Genoese emigrant, who settled in France at the beginning of the present century, and who was poor and uneducated. M. Gambetta, losing his mother early in life, was brought up by a maternal aunt and her brother, a priest, whose parish was in the neighbourhood of Cahors. They sent him to the Seminary, with the hope that he would become a priest, and an ornament of the Church. But his ecclesiastical masters reported that he had a rebellious spirit, which they could not curb; that he was pugnacious and contradictory; and they advised his removal to another school. He accordingly entered the Lycée of Cahors, and soon became a promising student. As a Latin classic he stood first, and was noted for the excellence of his French composition. In his sixteenth year he had the misfortune to lose the sight of one of his eyes. He feared that the sight of the other would go, and set himself to learn the alphabet for the blind, that he might read books printed in raised type. He also studied music, and learnt to play the violin. But, forbidden to read, the evenings were spent by his aunt reading to him the Parliamentary debates published in the *Constitutionnel* for 1840-2. The speeches of M. Thiers made him a politician, and inspired him with the ambition to become an orator. He next went to Paris, and became a law student. He was not long a resident in the Quartier Latin before he was known as a Republican and a ringleader of the less submissive students. He was the master spirit of a literary and political association, containing some of the most brilliant of the young men of the period, and rising artists studying under Ingres and Delacroix. After he was called to the French Bar, in 1859, he became a speaker at private meetings of the opponents of the Empire at various cafés, especially the Café Procope and the Café de Madrid. He did not, however, neglect his profession, but served as secretary to M. Adolphe Crémieux, who had a large practice at the French Bar. He had served, before this, for a few weeks under M. Charles Lachaud, the popular barrister in criminal cases; but he was an Imperialist, and Gambetta abruptly left him. When he first appeared in court on behalf of a client he was snubbed by the presiding Judge; but he worked hard, and acquired a thorough mastery of the art of forensic pleading. His first great speech was delivered in November, 1868, in defence of Louis Charles Desescluze, editor of the *Reveil*, who had started a subscription for a monument to the memory of Baudin, killed in the coup d'état of 1851, and who was therefore prosecuted by the Government. The Judge attempted to interfere, when Gambetta said, in the course of an oration which has become historic, that Baudin died "defending that Republican Constitution, which President Louis Bonaparte, in contempt of his oath, had violated;" and he added, "In every country but this you see the people commemorate as a holiday the date which brought the reigning dynasty to the throne. You alone are ashamed of the day which gave you a bloodstained crown—Dec. 2, when Baudin died! Well, that day which you reject, we Republicans will keep holy. It shall be the day of mourning for our martyrs and the festival of our hopes!" From that bold political speech at the Bar, he was regarded as the coming man of the Republican Party. Those who would have nothing to do with "the man of December" wanted a leader. The election of 1869 was at hand. He was invited to stand for Paris and for Marseilles. He became a candidate and proclaimed himself an "irreconcilable," animated with "an unquenchable hatred" of the Empire. He was elected in both constituencies. In the Chamber he delivered a speech against the Ollivier Ministry, defying the Government and proclaiming that the reforms they suggested would be simply used as a bridge to carry France over to another form of government. This led the Emperor to resolve upon a *plébiscite*,

when he received 7,500,000 votes, against 1,500,000; but what was ominous was that 53,000 soldiers out of 200,000 voted against the Emperor. The war against Prussia and Germany followed. The Empire, begotten of perjury, hypocrisy, and treason, born of spurious military pride and national vanity, reared by official and social corruption, rushed blindly to its doom. It was to fall, like Marmion, with the "traitor and deceiver," on the lost battle-field of an unrighteous conflict, but to perish amidst the contemptuous pity of some former friends of Napoleon III.

During the three weeks between the battles of Wörth and Sedan, Gambetta had to take precautions to ensure his personal safety, because the advisers of the Empress-Regent were urging her to have the leaders of the Opposition arrested. He slept in a different house every night, and never ventured out unattended. When the news arrived of the Emperor's surrender at Sedan, on the night of Sept. 3, Gambetta tried to ensure the deposition of the Emperor and Empress-Regent by peaceful and lawful methods. At his request M. Thiers consented to accept the Presidency of a Provisional Government if it were conferred by the Corps Législatif. The crowd, however, refused to allow the Chamber to deliberate, and M. Blanqui and other Democratic partisans took time by the forelock, and set up a Government of their own at the Hôtel de Ville. Gambetta joined them there, and in a short time the Deputies for Paris, with the exception of M. Thiers, had constituted themselves into a Government, which, at the suggestion of M. Rochefort, took the name of Government of the National Defence; and M. Gambetta received the appointment of Minister of the Interior. The German siege of Paris afforded him a great opportunity, of which he did not fail to avail himself. He had to leave Paris in a balloon, and in going over the German lines nearly met with misadventure through the balloon sinking till it came within range of some marksmen's rifles. But he reached Tours in safety, and set to work at once, with marvellous activity, to levy and equip fresh armies, to resist the invasion. He was ably seconded by M. de Freycinet, and, between them, these two did all that it was humanly possible to perform; but from the first their task was one of formidable difficulty, and all chances of repelling the Germans from French soil vanished after the shameful capitulation of Bazaine at Metz. The political conditions of France during these campaigns was such as to invest Gambetta with the powers of Consul and Dictator. In his public harangues, both at Tours and Bordeaux, whither the Provisional Government repaired in December, being driven southward by the German advance, he somehow always managed to electrify his hearers. He spoke from balconies, railway carriages, kerbstones; wherever he went the people demanded a speech of him, and his words never failed to cheer, while they gained him a wide popularity. Indeed, Gambetta so deluded himself while infusing hope and combativeness into others that when, after a five months' siege, Paris capitulated, he still persisted in thinking that resistance was possible, and rather than take any part in the national surrender he gave in his resignation. He was by that time fairly worn out, and had to go to St. Sebastian to recruit his health. He was returned by nine constituencies at the Armistice elections. The Radical majority in the Assembly held him responsible for the undue prolongation of the war, with all its disasters, and even M. Thiers spoke often with unmeasured severity of his administration at Tours. All this M. Gambetta bore with no sign of resentment. In 1871 he founded a newspaper, *La République Française*, and in the first number sounded the keynote of his policy, which was to support M. Thiers in founding a nominal Republic, and to wait in patience for the rest.

When Marshal MacMahon succeeded to the Republic on the forced resignation of M. Thiers, it was feared by many that the Republic was about to be sacrificed to the Bonapartist and military party. But the firm and vigorous attitude of Gambetta, in 1874 and 1875, reassured the sincere and earnest Republicans, convincing them of his power, with their support, to preserve the popular liberties which had been gained at such an enormous cost. It should be observed that the Republicans proper were opposed by the Orleanists, Bonapartists, and Legitimists, that the Bourbon Princes had become reconciled, and that all the old parties indulged in hopes of a Monarchical restoration. The entire policy of Gambetta, especially after Marshal MacMahon had replaced M. Thiers, was directed to the frustration of their designs. At the same time, in concert with M. Thiers and M. Dufaure, he effected that union among the divers fractions of the Liberal party which led to the formal adoption of the Republican Government in 1875. So great was his influence in the Chamber that he was chosen president of the Budget Commission as early as 1876, although he had uttered his famous watchword, "Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi." His party made progress, but the Republic was still in peril. Marshal MacMahon, President for seven years, suddenly dismissed the Jules Simon Ministry in 1877, and intrusted power to a Broglie-Fortoul Cabinet, representing the fusion of the partisans of Bourbon and Orleans Princes with the Bonapartists. But before they could dissolve the Chamber, M. Gambetta carried a thoroughly Republican order of the day, and the ensuing elections proved how correctly he judged the country, by returning a large Republican majority. It was then he publicly declared, in a speech at Lille, that the Marshal had no alternative but to submit or resign; a turning-point in the severe struggle. He underwent an abortive prosecution, during which M. Thiers died, leaving Gambetta still more powerful. Marshal MacMahon did not resign; he tried a soldier Ministry, but finally submitted, and gave the chief post to M. Dufaure. But in January, 1879, the Marshal felt that he could stand the strain no longer; he resigned, and M. Jules Grévy was elected President in his stead. M. Gambetta now regarded the era of danger as at an end, but said that of difficulty had begun. So it has proved. Since 1879 several Ministers have held power, Gambetta among them, but their tenancies have been brief. Before his elevation to the post of Premier, he filled that of President of the Chamber of Deputies; but after the general election of 1881 he found that he could no longer refuse office. He was appointed in November, and dismissed in January, 1882. He had called for a revision of the Constitution, which should include *scrutin de liste*, or the voting by whole departments, as a fundamental principle of elections. At the same time, the Ministry which he had placed in office put forward, under his inspiration, changes so sweeping that, coupled with the dislike of his electoral plan, they sufficed to rally a great majority against him. The rest of his story must be fresh in the public mind. He overturned his immediate successor and old friend, M. de Freycinet; but before he had time and opportunity in which and by which to regain power, death has snatched him away in the prime of life. An accident with a pistol, inflicting a wound in the hand, which did not seem likely to endanger life, had so reduced his vital strength, or excited so much internal irritation, as to give rise to fatal organic disorders, producing an abscess of the bowels. His death, however, was not at all expected till within a few hours before it occurred, in the forty-fifth year of his age, at his

small suburban villa, named Les Jardies, at Ville d'Avray, near Paris. It is stated that he has left no very large fortune, the amount being estimated at 750,000fr., or £30,000, chiefly derived from his journal, *La République Française*.

The decease of Gambetta has caused a very deep sensation in all the Continental capitals. In Berlin it was considered a strange coincidence that the two most formidable enemies of Germany—General Skobelev and M. Gambetta—have died in the same year. On the Bourse at Vienna the event is regarded as a guarantee of peace. In Italy, on the other hand, M. Gambetta's death is viewed as a great disaster to France. At Madrid very opposite feelings are entertained; among the Spanish Liberals and Republicans the feeling is one of sincere regret. They express apprehension lest the French Democracy should fall a victim to a Clerical reaction and to the intrigues of the rival Monarchical parties. We earnestly hope and believe that it will not be so.

Our Illustrations of Gambetta's wonderful and adventurous public life comprise his portrait, recently taken, the house where he was born, at Cahors, Department of the Lot; the Ville d'Avray, where he died; and the scene at Paris in front of the Corps Législatif, where Gambetta proclaimed the Republic, after the defeat of Sedan, in the first week of September, 1870. The funeral, with great public state, was to be performed yesterday (Friday) in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise.

SKETCHES IN CAIRO.

The Egyptian people of all classes, like those of other Oriental nations, are fond of watching the gambols and gestures of paid dancers, or rather posture-makers, both male and female; but they never seek recreation, as Western people have been apt to do, in dancing by and for themselves. No exhibition can be more stupid, ugly, and unmeaning, to a European eye, than such a performance as our Artist has sketched in the city of Cairo. The hideous and cumbersome dress of the woman, with her monstrous long veil, adds to the ungainly effect of her movements, swaying vehemently to and fro, and raising alternately the one end, or the other end, of her stick held with both hands, keeping time with the music of a bamboo flute and a tambourine, or shallow drum. Yet it seems to give pleasure to grave and thoughtful Moslem citizens of the Egyptian capital, and to different members of their families, assembled in the courtyard, or before the door of the mansion, to enjoy this very indifferent kind of entertainment. Very different is that of the Ghawazi, or regular dancing-girls, who are not much encumbered with drapery.

The other Sketch is that of half-a-dozen men in a workshop at Cairo, employed in the simple operation of weaving mats, or rather a large matting, the size of one of our carpets, to cover the floor of a room. The loom is on the ground before them, and is worked by drawing towards them, in one direction, the beam to which the ends of the warp threads are fastened; while the weft threads, in the shuttle cast across and between the warp, are in charge of another set of workpeople, to the right and left of those shown in this Sketch. The woollen and cotton cloths of Egyptian manufacture are coarsely made, and the silk pieces are not much better in fabric. The few arts and industries formerly practised with notable excellence in that country have much declined in the standard of skilful workmanship; except, perhaps, that of the tanners of morocco leather, and those who ornament such wares by embossing and embroidery, and some branches of the goldsmith's trade. The coloured glass, for windows, for vessels, or for lamps, which used to be made in great perfection, has almost ceased to be a product of Egypt; and most of the glass and china cups are now imported from Europe. The potters, however, still do a good trade in unglazed pitchers of porous clay, which serve for cooling water. The basket-makers, too, plaiting the leaves of the palm-tree, while the rope-makers twist its fibre into rope, and the coopers make large crates and hampers of its branches and twigs, prove how much good use can be made of a single gift of nature. The Egyptian artisan, like the fellah or rural peasant, is laborious in disposition, but has no faculty of invention or improvement. The child passes most of the day in his father's workshop, perhaps rather hindering than helping, but in the way to be learning by mere imitation. The boy, as a matter of course, becomes an apprentice, then a journeyman, finally a master of the same trade, in which he probably succeeds his father; but he will never think of doing or making any piece of work at all better than was done before.

THE LATEST WAR NEWS.

It is quite evident that this veteran, retired from her Majesty's service to the well-merited repose afforded by a small pension, has got hold of a paper containing the report of some action of the land or sea forces abroad, which he reads most intently, his own experiences supplying the best comment on all points of detail, though he may know very little about the general plan and object of the war. The firm-set countenance of the old Scotchman, as we should take him to be, is expressive of "much care and valour;" and, when he has thoroughly studied the subject in "Our Special Correspondent's" letters to the journal he is reading, the comrades or mess-mates whom he oftenest meets will listen to his critical opinions, not with as much regard as he desires, but with a decent show of attention. We are inclined, however, to believe that the soldiers and sailors of each generation have peculiar and different views of military and naval tactics; and the changes that must have been necessitated by scientific improvements, in the construction, for instance, of artillery and ammunition, not less than in field manoeuvring, shooting, and some points of drill, forbid the rigid application of a standard in comparing the new with the old.

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

In addition to the Views which have already been presented of the exterior and interior architecture of these stately and commodious buildings, where the Courts of Chancery and the Courts of Common Law (or the Queen's Bench Division) will hold their sittings from the commencement of Hilary Term, we give an Illustration of the Barristers' Room, one of the handsomest apartments in the New Palace of Justice. Its decorations have greater beauty of colour than those of any other part of the interior; and every desirable provision for the comfort and convenience of the learned counsel attending these Courts has been liberally supplied. Our preceding descriptions of the building will have been sufficient; but several more features may yet be considered worthy of particular Illustrations, which we still have in hand.

During the Christmas season the City Corporation distributed £500 amongst the poor widows of freedom. As is customary, the Common Councilmen had tickets (each for 5s.), and they distributed them amongst the poor of the various wards. About 2000 people participated in the bounty.

NOVELS.

Uncompromising bluntness of expression, strong language undiluted, may prevent the readers of *A Fearless Life*: by Charles Quentin (Richard Bentley and Son) from appreciating at its proper worth the excellent quality of the novel. That would be a pity. The story is a good one, and, on the whole, it is very well written; for the author evidently is endowed with mental powers of no mean order, though his sentiments may be tinged with bitterness, he has the gift of story-telling in no common degree, and his power of utterance amounts sometimes to something very like the poetic faculty. He tells a tale of Pylades and Orestes, of Guy Clifford and Allan Moore, who make in their youth a compact of eternal friendship, so far as an implied compact can be considered made. Then steps upon the scene one Nora Severne, who has already appeared to the reader, by-the-way, as a soliloquising dreamer. Now Nora Severne, at the age of sweet seventeen, is as wild a girl, in a harmless sense, as ever rowed a boat, all alone by herself, on Cornish or any other waters. "I always do what I wish," she says: "who cares? They don't interfere with me. I always mean to do what I wish." This self-willed young lady (for a young lady she is by birth on her father's side, though her mother was a milliner) is as singular in looks as she is in ideas; but the singularity of her looks consists chiefly in a sort of spiritual effulgence, which gleams forth from time to time and transfigures her otherwise not particularly attractive form and features, until she becomes for the while a thing of beauty. Such as she is, she becomes acquainted with both Guy Clifford and Allan Moore. After a very short acquaintance she sprains her ankle, and finds herself being carried home on an incarnate sedan-chair formed by the hands of the two friends, and putting her fair arms around their necks, one arm round each neck. This is, plainly, a perilous position for all concerned; and perhaps the peril, as regards the two friends, is augmented rather than diminished by the fact that the closer embrace falls to the lot of Allan Moore. But the complication which arises is not such as the reader of novels would be led by experience to expect; nothing occurs to set Pylades and Orestes at one another's throats, although Nora loves one of the two friends, and is beloved by the other. On the other hand, Nora has a half-sister, so reputed at least, who, possessing the nature and morals as well as the name of Catherine the Second of Russia, is madly and indelicately in love with Guy Clifford. And he, a curious mixture of nobility and brutality, indulges in the most passionate and abandoned flirtation, if so mild a term be appropriate under the circumstances, with the hot-blooded Catherine at the very time when he is making the most respectful and honourable love to the dispassionate Nora, who is ice itself so far as he is concerned. And it is Nora, of course, who is the heroine of the tale. She it is who lives a "fearless life"; she it is who laughs conventionality and the proprieties, as they are commonly understood, to scorn; she it is who always insists upon acting on the impulse of her own generous heart, her own brave and sympathetic spirit. She is a truly great and touching conception; but she is a character spoiled by the author's own deliberate grossness of execution. Many a reader's whole soul will revolt at the wilful injury done to her in one scene by the author himself, a scene in which she actually offers to live temporarily with Guy Clifford, because, forsooth, she cannot love him, and, though she pities him and wishes to show how much she would sacrifice for him, feels sure that he would soon tire of her as a wife. The proposal is unnatural, monstrous, and shocking; and readers who are easily shocked cannot be recommended to attack the novel, which, as regards both language and suggestions, is sometimes quite horrible in its unqualified coarseness. It is as if the author had voluntarily treated his own creation as Addison complained that his creation of Sir Roger de Coverley was treated by Steele; a beautiful idea has been disfigured by indelicate workmanship. The novel, in fact, is in many parts quite repulsive; but, on the principle that we must give even Beelzebub his due, it must be frankly acknowledged that the fundamental conception of the story is magnificent, that the tone is decidedly wholesome on the whole, that the interest is extraordinary, and that the writing is nearly always powerful and sometimes of unusual excellence.

So long as Britannia continues to rule the waves, and that, we may hope, will be for ever, such a narrative as that which is entitled *The Lady Maud*: by W. Clark Russell (Sampson Low and Co.), cannot fail, one would say, to find a multitude of readers, and to leave them content at the end of it. For a narrative it is rather than a novel, properly so called, or as popularly understood; and the only question is, whether it be a piece of fiction or a true history. In either case, the three volumes abound with exciting, amusing, and thrilling descriptions of what is seen, done, and suffered by men who go down to the sea in ships. For a yacht is, to speak comprehensively, a ship; and "The Lady Maud" was a yacht, on which the author, under the totally unnecessary and transparent alias of "Mr. Walton," inasmuch as his real name looms large and readable upon the titlepage, embarked by invitation, one day in the leafy month of June, "for a cruise as far as the latitudes of the West Indies." The yacht, though not altogether satisfactory to the eye of so thorough a sailor as "Mr. Walton," was "a very beautiful vessel;" and on board of it were some ladies not less beautiful, perhaps, and a ladies' maid, as much less beautiful as became her condition. Now ladies and their maids, especially when they are beautiful, must be considered a great acquisition to the crew and passengers of a yacht, particularly when the weather is calm, bright, and sunny; but when the time of squalls and disasters and shipwrecks has come, and a titled lady, who has to be hauled ashore by a rope from the wreck, suffers herself to be dragged a few feet and then suddenly catches hold of the warp, so that hauling is useless, and devotes the precious moments to a long solo of piercing shrieks, whilst the ladies' maid becomes paralysed with terror and refuses even to "ketch hold" of the "slippery thing," an ancient mariner may be pardoned for wishing that the "she-sailors" had been left at home to go a-sailing on dry land. And something of this sort takes place in the case of "The Lady Maud." That there would be a catastrophe will be anticipated by experienced readers at the very outset of the narrative, when one of the ladies, Miss Tukey by name or pseudonym, is discovered "hoping we shall meet with exciting adventures." It is only fair to observe that this young lady, unlike the generality of young ladies or other persons who express a desire to meet with exciting adventures, behaves like a heroine when the adventures arrive. That her hope will be fulfilled is the more probable from the introductory remarks concerning the "skipper"; he looks "rather too nautical," has "more the appearance of a Thames wherryman, masquerading in a yachting-skipper's clothes, than a plain sailor-man;" and "Lady Brookes thinks he drinks, because he has a red nose." Such is Christian charity; a man with a red nose, inherited probably from a long line of teetotal ancestors, is at once condemned, and the world says "he drinks." However, Lady Brookes seems to have been right: the "skipper," Purchase by name or pseudonym, does drink, even after thirst has been assuaged, so that it is no wonder if

at a critical moment he is "heavily out in his latitude as well as his longitude." Hence a shipwreck and a rescue among other "exciting adventures," whereof the account will be devoured by many a reader, no doubt, with eyes riveted to the page and with a lump rising in the throat.

ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

SOURCES OF LIGHT—REFLECTION.

Professor Tyndall on Thursday, Dec. 28, gave the first of the fifty-fifth series of Christmas lectures originated, in 1827, by Professor Faraday, who gave his last course in 1860-1, when in his seventieth year. The subject of the present course is Light and the Eye. In the first place various sources of artificial light were exhibited and explained, including common fire, rush-lights, candles, various kinds of lamps, and coal gas. It was next shown how a brilliant light may be produced by placing solid matter in the intensely hot non-luminous flame of hydrogen gas, which was further illustrated by means of the oxy-hydrogen light and the Drummond light. Having exhibited the incandescence of platinum wire produced by the voltaic battery, and adverted to the creation of the same phenomenon by magneto electricity, the discovery of Faraday, Professor Tyndall explained the principle of Mr. Swan's incandescent lamp; and while he was speaking the theatre was brilliantly illuminated by an arrangement of these lamps, presented to the Institution by the inventor. The Professor next illustrated and explained various optical phenomena, such as the formation of inverted images, by light passing through small apertures, and demonstrated in a clear and interesting manner the law, that the angles of incidence and reflection are equal. Among other striking examples of phenomena due to reflection, was an imitation of "Pepper's Ghost." The head of Mary Somerville was produced by reflection between the busts of Bacon and Newton. The multiplication of images in the kaleidoscope, and effects produced by conjugate mirrors concluded the lecture.

VELOCITY, REFRACTION, AND REFLECTION OF LIGHT.

Professor Tyndall began his second lecture, given on Saturday last, by stating that light requires time to pass through space, and that Komer demonstrated that its velocity was 192,500 miles in a second. The phenomena of shadows were next illustrated, and it was shown that the shadow became darker when the light was made more intense. In reflection the light, as it were, rebounds from the surface on which it falls, but in general a portion of the beam enters the reflecting substance, being rapidly quenched when the substance is opaque, and freely transmitted when the substance is transparent. In some media, such as water, when the beam enters at certain angles it is diverted from its course or refracted; this was demonstrated by a model, and proved by a ray of light in water, its path being rendered visible by illuminated dust. The angle and index of refraction were then explained. A small amount of reflection always accompanies refraction, as was shown; it was also demonstrated that when light passes from air to water, or from water to air, it was in both cases refracted; when the beam of light just grazes the surface of the water it was not refracted, but totally reflected. Among the illustrations, a jet of water was made to appear like molten silver by its total reflection of electric light. An unseen medal in an empty basin was rendered visible to the audience when the basin was filled with water—a refracting medium. The action of prisms and of various kinds of lenses, convergent and divergent, were clearly illustrated; and the effect of certain combinations of lenses, especially in the magic lantern, explained and exemplified in views of the Falls of Niagara and the glaciers of the Alps. The lecture concluded with the exhibition of the effects of sound upon light in the movements of a sensitive flame.

ECLIPSES THIS YEAR.

In the year 1883 there will be four Eclipses, two of the Sun and two of the Moon, but one only—that of the Moon on Oct. 16—partly visible from Europe.

The first is a very small Eclipse of the Moon on April 22. It begins at 3 minutes after 11 in the morning, its middle will be at 39 minutes after 11 a.m., and it ends at 14 minutes after noon. The Moon will be in the zenith at the beginning of the Eclipse, at a place whose longitude is 193 deg. $\frac{1}{2}$ min. east of Greenwich and latitude 13 deg. south; at the middle in a place whose longitude is 184 deg. $\frac{3}{4}$ min. east and latitude 13 deg. 5 min. south, and at the end at a place whose longitude is 176 deg. east and latitude 13 deg. 10 min. south. Eclipse visible from western parts of North America and Australia.

The Total Eclipse of the Sun is on May 6. The Central Eclipse begins at 20 minutes after 8 p.m., in east longitude 156 deg. nearly, and south latitude 35 deg. The Central Eclipse ends at 27 minutes after 11 p.m., in west longitude 87 deg. nearly, and south latitude 14 deg. nearly. The central line passes across the South Pacific Ocean. Eclipse visible from Eastern Australia and Central America.

The Partial Eclipse of the Moon on the morning of Oct. 16 begins at 59 minutes after 5 a.m., the Moon setting about half an hour afterwards, so that it is partly visible here. The middle of the Eclipse will be at 54 minutes after 6, and it ends at 49 minutes after 7 a.m. At these times the Moon will be in the zenith of places whose longitudes are 94 deg. west of Greenwich, and latitudes 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg. north and 120 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg. west, and latitude nearly 10 deg. north, respectively. Eclipse visible in Europe, America, and West Africa.

The Annular Eclipse of the Sun is on Oct. 30 and 31. The Central Eclipse begins at 8 minutes after 10 p.m. on the evening of Oct. 30, Greenwich mean time, in longitude 126 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg. east of Greenwich and latitude 42 deg. north, and ends at 34 minutes after 1 on the morning of the 31st in longitude 122 deg. west of Greenwich and latitude 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg. north. The Central Eclipse begins in 42 deg. north in the North Pacific Ocean, gradually approaches the Equator to a point at 10 deg. north of it in west longitude 160 deg., and then inclines northward to a point 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg. north of the Equator or 122 deg. west longitude. Seen from the North Pacific Ocean, partially from eastern coast of North Asia and western coast of North America.—*Illustrated London Almanack*.

Last Saturday the Cornish smelters made a further reduction of £2 a ton in the tin standards.

Six Acts of Parliament, passed in the late Session, came into operation on Monday. According to the order in which they received the Royal assent, they are:—The Casual Pauper Act, the Corn Returns Act, the Settled Land Act, the Conveyancing Act, the Municipal Corporation Act, and the Married Women's Property Act.

The revenue of the United Kingdom during the past quarter amounted to £20,998,148, being an increase of £78,588 on the corresponding quarter of 1881. There is an increase of £110,000 in Customs, £197,000 in Property and Income Tax, and £120,000 in the Post Office and Telegraph Services. There is a decrease of £57,000 in Excise, £110,828 in Stamps, and £175,933 in Miscellaneous receipts. During the past nine months the revenue shows a net increase of £522,576.

THE GOSPEL OF REST.

Herbert Spencer has lately announced himself as the prophet of a doctrine much needed in the interests of morality—"the Gospel of Rest": a doctrine almost new in these later days. Taking morality to mean conformity with nature, the gospel of hard work—preached so vigorously for the greater part of this century—must be pronounced purely immoral. You do not find the natural cow, or monkey, or the animal we all respect—the sagacious and worthy dog—slaving away all day long, and only taking a little relaxation at the most unhealthy time. The birds build their nests—but only once a year (the wiser ones only once a lifetime): and the building season over, they devote their time—except for a little daily shopping—to simple enjoyment. Even the eminent beaver, type and model of all that is most copybook in man (in Dutchman, at all events), takes it very easily, except when his architectural duties call upon him.

Nor have the most highly civilised men been less sensible. The Athenians were people of pleasant lives, more cultured and less vitiated than ours. Our ancestors, even, of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when Shakespeares were possible—when Marlowe could write a "Hero and Leander," and the mighty Chapman breathed—they were jolly fellows, and inhabited an island, since submerged, known as "merry England." Columbus, visiting the happy isles placed as outposts of unknown America, found a people charming, pure, intelligent—perfect, one might say, in their simple and healthy life. Where is that people now? Have we been going backwards all these centuries—have we less sense and less morality than untutored Indians and "brute beasts"?

And, "mark me"—as the lazy Shakspearean clowns are delightfully wont to say—mark me, now: the origin of hard work, what is it? The brute beasts aforementioned, commonly so easygoing, when do they strain every muscle and work with the unreasoning violence of man? Among men, who were the first to strive fiercely, to put nature on the rack? It was those men, the first wicked, the first immoral, the first cruel—the fighters. There is no work so hard as hand-to-hand strife between two powerful men—another count in the heavy indictment against the inventor of wars and quarrellings on earth.

Nowadays, it is justly said, there is much hard work that absolutely ought to be done, for the peace and the comfort of the oppressed, the suffering, the poor; but why is this? Whence come oppression by the great and undue subjection of the small? They are our inheritance from the fighting feudal times, the result, direct or indirect, generally of the strain of war—sometimes of that other form of the bitterest and most unrelenting work: fanaticism.

We hear of the harm done by indolence—we are told of the lazy Turk to whose selfishness are traceable wars and desolations and famines. There is only one answer to the charge—it is false. It is an invention of hardworking men to excuse their own immorality—a distortion of the facts, an attribution of effects to the wrong causes. Take a Turk, of as lofty a position and as lazy a nature as you will: let him lie upon a sofa and do nothing as long as ever he likes—and I tell you that while that man does nothing he will do no harm.

This is not a mere verbal quibble. Try to answer it. What harm does he do? You will say that he makes thousands of wretched beings work for his support. There it is! You begin by owning that the work and not the idleness is the harm. And now, try to be candid and to answer fairly—the most difficult of all things with eager hardworking people: they are all one-eyed, they see only their own side. But tell me: if that Turk had lain on that sofa all his life, and his father and grandfather before him had pursued the same placid occupation—do you seriously think they could have imposed on the miserable thousands aforesaid the sin of constant and crushing labour? Of course not. "Way back" (as the poor energetic Yankees say) among that Turk's ancestors was some ambitious fighting man—and killing, the greatest of crimes, carries with it (as I have said) the most dangerous of diseases, incapability to rest. The warrior ancestor devoted all his time to labouring for power—why? Because he was immoral and a fool. He was a fool, because he did not stop for a while before he began his career of industry and crime, and think quietly over its probable—or necessary—consequences. He was immoral, because, when those consequences were clearly brought before his eyes—as, by a thousand examples, sooner or later they must have been—they could not deter him. He worked for power—and power and high place are (it is the "common theme" of sages) a misery to their possessor: now, that a man has no right to inflict misery on any person, *himself or other*, our more advanced morality of to-day has plainly shown. But, furthermore, he gained his power for his descendants also: and—even if we assume that he himself protected his vassals from overwork—he could not have failed to know that nothing is so certain as the advent in a great family, in a very few generations, of the lord who, ambitious or extravagant, grinds down or lets his agents grind down his labourers by unceasing toil. And thus is the misery of thousands secured by the overwork of one!

Nature demands a certain toll of labour before she will nourish her children; and, conversely, a moderate amount of exercise is needed to keep body and mind in health. But not only, with society in a proper state, would these have their reasonable limits, but reasonably limited exercise is among the greatest of pleasures. Spontaneous work is, practically, play; and health-giving play is the most common state of natural beings. This is not the work that kills: it is the undoing of the labour of the past which makes the drudgery of to-day. To learn is easier than to unlearn; and even so to undo is harder than to do.

What is the great difficulty of English law? The laboured piles of laws. Could we start clear, with no work behind us, a code might be compiled in a year which would save the nation annually health, money, and work uncountable—and its compilation would be a simple, easy, pleasant affair of common-sense and justice. Scientific brains of the first quality have been wasted on the mere destruction of the elaborate theories of eager workers of the past: men of science with one accord neglect the lesson of their own deductions, and struggle and toil like previous generations, whose work they laugh at and undo. So historians learn a moral from the deeds they chronicle, all undone by time, and yet fly in its face by giving useless labour to the description of labour not more useless! And the same government spends its money and power in building ironclad ships and guns to sink them—and the world argues in a circle like a dog turning round after its own tail.

Such revolution, on the dog's part, is followed by rest. Will the world be as wise? When it has gone round twice, its second work bringing to nought the evils of its first, will it have learned to be moderate in all things—and thus never to do anything without first taking a time of quiet thought to find whether the century will not have reason to bless it for leaving that work undone? Such a course would be wise, and natural, and right: in all which respects it would be the very opposite of the doctrine of hard work for hard work's sake.

E. R.



THE LATE M. GAMBETTA,
FRENCH ORATOR AND STATESMAN.

ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION.

The Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, like its prototype at the British Institution, includes works by the Old Masters, and also by deceased British painters; and now, as formerly, are shown from time to time the collective works of the most recently deceased British painters of eminence. The late John Linnell and Dante Gabriel Rossetti thus come to be commemorated on the present occasion. By a curious coincidence, both artists were antagonistic to the body that now enacts the part of protector; both were slighted in their lifetime by the Royal Academy; but the *amende* is now made, and time has brought his revenges—though not to the living. Linnell sturdily refused honours too tardily offered; but he sent pictures to the Academy for exhibition, though meeting occasionally with the rebuff of rejection. Rossetti would have nothing to do even with the Academy exhibitions; indeed but rarely would he consent to a picture of his being shown in a provincial exhibition. For this reason his actual paintings are almost unknown to the general public, although many will have heard his name associated with the Pre-Raphaelite movement, both at its commencement and at what may be called its second stage, and a still larger number will have appreciated his high claims as a poet. Linnell's works, on the contrary, are probably as familiar as those of almost any contemporary English painter. Both well sustain the severe test to which they are at length subjected; and their works will doubtless form the special attraction of the exhibition to the general visitor; the more so because it so happens that the collection of old masters is the least remarkable that has been seen in Piccadilly.

The first two rooms are occupied by the works of John Linnell. There are 161 items—only a tithe of the mass produced during a very rarely preceded working life of seventy-five years. For Master Linnell exhibited his first picture at the Academy in 1807, and the veteran master died, scarcely out of harness, last year. The long series of landscapes of large or goodly dimensions which occupy the "line" in these rooms have a very imposing effect. The grandiose style which the painter formed at a comparatively early period when dealing with the familiar elements of homely landscape is at intervals appropriately employed on works containing suggestions of Biblical incident, and which evince imaginative power of no mean order. But many visitors, familiar only with his later landscapes, will be surprised to find the painter represented also in portraiture, from miniature to life-size scale, in water colours as well as oil, in mezzotint engraving and etching. This collection can, however, well afford to wait for notice till next week. Greater curiosity will naturally be felt respecting the works of Rossetti. For the same reason we shall at present hasten past the selection of works by old masters and other deceased British painters; merely observing that Sir Joshua Reynolds is in force, as usual, the examples including several of the designs for the New College window at Oxford; that Gainsborough is varied and charming; that there are several fine full-length Vandykes; and that the later Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools are passably illustrated. There are, however, no very interesting specimens of the early Italian and Northern schools, while the great masters of the *cinque-cento* are conspicuous by their absence; so that there is less to repay the critic and student than previous displays in these rooms have taught us to expect.

WORKS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

The Rossetti collection numbers eighty-three examples—oil-paintings, water-colours, studies in chalk and other materials—and fills Room V.—i.e., half the space devoted to Linnell. The family and friends of the deceased appear to have procured a fairly adequate representation of his evidently not inactive professional career of thirty-five years. The first impression of the collection must be one of pleasurable surprise even to those already acquainted with portions thereof. And it is evident, on this very account, that the artist did an injustice, both to himself and his age, by withdrawing to the life of seclusion he led in the quaint old Queen Anne house at Cheyne-walk; and in withholding these works from the public. Yet the reasons for his abstaining from appearing either in person or in his works with his brother artists are obvious. These works have nothing whatever in common with contemporary art, whether in conception or treatment; they would appear as anachronisms in a modern picture show, and would be hurt by their uncongenial neighbours. Associated as they are here in close proximity, and presented in ornate frames of appropriate designs, their effect is harmonious and not a little sumptuous. The canvases glow with reflections from Venetian colouring, and poetic suggestions breathe from them.

The first work on entering the room is also the earliest, and, on the whole, the most remarkable. It is astonishing as the production of a young man of twenty-one, and bears out the stories of Rossetti's precocity alike in painting and poetry. It is a panel of cabinet size, painted with a dry medium containing little oil, and is signed with the artist's name and the initials P. R. B., meaning Pre-Raphaelite brother, and the date 1849, that is one year after the formation of the brotherhood—the remaining members being Millais, Holman Hunt, Woolner (the sculptor), W. M. Rossetti (the painter's brother), J. Collinson, and F. G. Stephens (the art-critic). Ford Maddox Brown, the somewhat older painter, though not consenting to be ostensibly associated with the young enthusiasts, is said to have had considerable influence upon them, and to have introduced for their emulation some reproductions of the wall-paintings of the Pisan Campo Santo. The title of the picture is "The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin," and on the frame are two of the poet-painter's beautiful sonnets, many of which were written in illustration of his picture. The Virgin and St. Anna are seated on a balcony embroidering a copy of a lily which grows in a vase placed on a pile of books, and which a little angel with rose-coloured wings is watering. St. Joachim is tending the vine that forms a pergola overhead, and on which rests a dove surrounded with a halo symbolical of the Holy Spirit. The treatment is severe, hard, precise; the colouring is cold, though not unpleasant; but the young artist's chief attention was given, as regards technicalities, to the draughtsmanship; the most elaborate care is bestowed on the delineation of the faces, the modelling of the hands, the picking out of every leaf of the vine, and all other accessories. In every way, not forgetting the Latin inscriptions, the intention was to paint the picture as an early Florentine artist would have painted it. The religious sentiment is similar, there is a correspondingly naïve, painstaking, realistic imitation of natural detail. And probably no fuller justification of the application of the word "Pre-Raphaelite" to a modern work was produced. Yet the simulation is not complete. It is a "modern-antique," after all. In the female faces, for instance—which, by the way, are portraits of the painter's mother and sister, Miss Christina Rossetti—there is a certain seeking for conventional symmetry of line and form, which, together with the purist feeling and pallid colouring, have rather less affinity with old Florentine art than with the insipid modern version of it seen in the "Christian Art" of Overbeck, Cornelius, and other German painters. And this

reminds us that the so-called Pre-Raphaelite movement, the influence of which on contemporary art has been so greatly over-rated by its partisans, was no invention of the brotherhood, but merely an extreme expression of a previously developed reaction, both in literature and art, towards mediævalism and romanticism. Indeed, with the exception of Holman Hunt—if that exception will hold good, seeing that he was never pre-Raphaelite in the full sense that Rossetti was—all the artist P.R.B.'s, Rossetti included, forsook their principles, judging by their change of practice, before long. Once, it is said, when a lady asked Rossetti some question about the Pre-Raphaelites, he had the candour to reply, "I am not an 'ite of any kind; I am only an artist."

We need hardly pause at the picture of "The Annunciation" (288) with the motto, "Ecce Ancilla Domini," painted the following year, it being similar in its characteristics to the preceding. But we may dwell a little on the "Salutatio Beatrix" (289), a triptych illustration of the "Vita Nuova" and "Purgatorio." Here and henceforward, with one notable exception, scriptural subjects are replaced, by themes drawn from the secular poetry of Dante and his circle, or from ancient mythology—these often mediately through Dante—or by symbolical single figures from other sources or of the artist's own invention. His father's distinction as a commentator on Dante naturally led to that lifelong study of the great Italian poet and his surroundings which coloured so strongly both the painting and poetry of the son. But this picture is otherwise remarkable as showing, although dated as early as '59, a complete departure, at least in its technical aims, from Pre-Raphaelitism. The influence of the later Venetian masters is obvious. The artist's preoccupation is with colour and effect—no longer with drawing. The draughtsmanship in future becomes defective by successive lapses, till in the latest works we meet with strange distortions of face and features, arms ill modelled and "wooden," hands impossibly contorted and attenuated. The progressive improvement in colour, till, at least, about the year 1870, go far, however, to atone for defects, referable doubtless to the imperfect training Rossetti received through the short duration of his studentship at the Academy. A much more favourable example of the transition period is, however, the small bust painted the same year as this triptych, entitled "Bocca Baciata" (309), from a sonnet by Boccaccio, and which is a gem of lovely colouring. To the subsequent development from this new departure is clearly due much that is most distinctive in the works of Burne Jones, and of much that is mis-called pre-Raphaelite.

Having thus indicated the main directions and salient characteristics of Rossetti's art, we may proceed more rapidly and uninterruptedly. The large altar-piece of Llandaff Cathedral, entitled "The Seed of David" (though the title is not given in the catalogue) is the remaining exception of a scriptural subject. It is a triptych; David as a Shepherd and as a King appearing to right and left, the central compartment representing the Adoration of the Magi. The colouring is powerful, and less sensuous than immediately before and continuously after. But the charm of the picture is the touches of natural expression in the countenances of the Virgin and the adoring shepherd and king. Rossetti had a dramatic poet's gift of realising the emotions proper to the incident under treatment. He was never at fault in this respect; and his rare faculty for depicting expression is, we are inclined to think, his highest, certainly his most original, merit as an artist. A very striking instance of this appears in "Found" (287). The painful story is drawn from Mr. W. Bell Scott's beautiful ballad, "Marian." A young countryman taking his calf to market at early morning discovers his lost sweetheart lying at the foot of one of the London bridges, her disarrayed finery telling of her utter degradation. His contending feelings of reproach, sorrow, and forgiveness as he grasps her hand, vainly striving to draw her towards him, and the writhings of shame and remorse with which she averts her head and shuts her eyes, are indescribably touching. Although left unfinished, the inception of this picture dates from the period when the pre-Raphaelites occasionally sought in incidents of humble tragedy to show that painting should have a didactic "purpose"—should teach a moral lesson. It is very noticeable, however, that this is the only work of consequence by the artist that deals with contemporary life. Another picture beautiful in expression is the half-length "Beata Beatrix" (293)—Beatrice in a trance; intended to symbolise her death, as in the "Vita Nuova," and the more pathetic when we know that it is a portrait of the painter's wife, done after her death, in 1863. Of this and succeeding dates till 1870 (some being repainted at a later period) are several female half-lengths with poetical attributes, and accessories of symbolic, mystic, and esoteric meanings—often, by-the-way, too obtrusively rendered—such as "Aurelia" (300), "The Beloved" (297), a group of heads like a bouquet of flowers; "The Blue Bower" (303); "Monna Vanna" (302), "Sybilla Palmifera" (294), "Venus Verticordia" (305), and "Mariana" (301). These are vehicles for poetic fancy and chromatic exercises. The colouring is artistic in quality, and harmonious; it generally recalls the Venetians, but sometimes strikes us as original, and is occasionally truly exquisite. The delicate pearly greys of flesh have rarely been so felicitously rendered as in some of these fair creatures, whatever the shortcomings in other respects. But towards the end of this period a new model appears on the scene, or rather, we should say, a new type of female beauty (for this, no doubt, it is intended to be) is invented. She is almost emaciated, and never smiles—worn by passion or potentialities of passion she has been described to be—her hair, brown, black, or fair, envelopes her head in enormous masses, her neck is preternaturally "swan-like," the "apple" and the tendons attaching it to the clavicles are very strongly marked; her eyes are grey, steadfast, wistful; her mouth—how shall we describe lips so abnormally thick, the upper one more so than the lower, and, despite her pale cheeks, of the deepest crimson hue! She is clearly nearly related to the one female type in Mr. Burne Jones's pictures. She has character, no doubt; and of a kind admissible for "Proserpine" (314)—a fine conception in other respects. In, too, "The Blessed Damsel" (313), looking down from Paradise towards her lover, where he lies looking upward through the twilight sky, in the predella—one of Rossetti's most poetic creations—we scarcely think of the type, so beautiful is the sentiment. But it is hardly welcome when appropriated to Beatrice, as in the picture of "Dante's Dream," though therein it appears much chastened. Elsewhere, however, the questionable taste of the idealisation—already known to many through the medium of the painter's drawings and photographs of them—has doubtless helped, with other features of his art and poetry, to identify him, in the vulgar Philistine mind, with the sensuous school and its "loatheliness"; and even to make him responsible for some of the affectations of the "aesthetes." The large picture of "Dante's Dream" above mentioned, painted in 1870, and lately purchased for the Walker Gallery by the Corporation of Liverpool, is unquestionably the artist's *capo d'opera*. "The scene," to quote his own words, "is a chamber of dreams, strewn with poppies, where Beatrice is seen lying on a couch, as if just fallen back in death, the

winged figure of Love, in red drapery (the pilgrim Love of the 'Vita Nuova,' wearing the scallop-shell on his shoulder), leads by the hand Dante, who walks conscious but absorbed, as in sleep; in his other hand Love carries his arrow pointed at the dreamer's heart, and with it a branch of apple-blossom; as he reaches the bier, Love bends for a moment over Beatrice with the kiss which her lover has never given her; while the two green-clad dream ladies hold the pall full of may-bloom suspended for an instant before it covers her face for ever." And other symbolical accessories enter into the description. This is a noble composition; the grief expressed in Dante's profile is intensely *sympatico*, as the Italians say; and the rich low-toned Venetian colouring is the more remarkable, seeing that Rossetti never visited Italy. But the poppy and rose laden odours of this dreamland is not a healthy atmosphere in which to dwell, nor is even the seductive but conventional harmony of this second-hand Venetian colour the safest model if we would have robust original painters.

Perhaps no man ever lived in the Past—in the world of his own imagination—so completely as Rossetti. But has the painter, or even the poet, the right to live wholly for himself in his own fancy, and not for his age and his fellows? Will not such infidelity bring penalties upon himself and his art too? As regards himself, the piteous story of Rossetti's later life—the febrile strain, with its unhealthy, morbid tendencies, resulting in insomnia, hardly relieved by inordinate doses of chloral—sufficiently answers the question. As regards a man's art, the answer is scarcely less plain. The teaching of the dead past is valuable, but less so than that of living nature, and, to be rightly and fully utilised, must be used for present requirements. Otherwise the art is but reproductive, not creative. Rossetti appeals, except in those dramatic expressions "touches of nature which make the whole world kin," to limited sympathies, to *dilettante* taste, to vague literary and artistic memories. His meanings are mystic, symbolic, esoteric, and would be often obscure but for his verbal description. The art that is reproductive is ever defective; however polished and elaborate, it lacks straightforward simplicity. Nearly all Rossetti's painting, and, we may add, much of his poetry, lacks the essential element of true and great creative art—spontaneity. In the more definite realm of painting the mystic and allegorical, the remote and far-fetched jostle and oppose the real and tangible necessary as media for their suggestion. Even Rossetti's colouring, although he had fine instincts in this direction, is tentative, indeterminate, and leaves, like an echo, some sense of disappointment.

Mr. Millais' picture of "Pomona"—the fair chubby little maiden in white frock and blue sash, with her toy wheelbarrow, collecting windfalls in an apple-orchard—which we lately reviewed when it was on view at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery (and where it still is visible, we believe), has been engraved with even more than his ordinary success by Mr. Samuel Cousins. The picture lent itself better than some other of Mr. Millais' works to the process of mezzotint, in which Mr. Cousins is unrivalled. There are no masses of intense shadow or deep colour to tempt the engraver into a too free indulgence in those black velvety tones which mezzotint yields only too readily, and which sometimes falsify all the relative values. The tender flesh and the diaphanous shadow on the face "tell" sufficiently against the white drapery, and are sufficiently foiled by the half shadow of the background foliage. These tones are admirably discriminated; and we need scarcely add that the character and charm of the original are perfectly reproduced.

It was omitted to be stated last week that the picture, "Puzzled," by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A., of which an engraving was then given, is in the possession of Mr. J. L. Drew, of Harrow, and that we were indebted to Mr. L. H. Lefevre, of King-street, St. James's-square (who retains the copyright), for permission to engrave it.

The Mayor and Corporation of Maidstone were on Monday presented by Sir John Monckton, Town Clerk of the City of London, on behalf of the past and present residents of that town, with a well-executed portrait of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, by Mr. Sydney Hodges, Maidstone, the constituency of which first sent Mr. Disraeli into Parliament.

Yesterday week the members of the Royal Academy met to elect an honorary member, in the place of the late M. Viollet le Duc, the celebrated French architect. Their choice fell on the greatest genre-painter Germany possesses, Ludwig Knaus. The Royal Academy possesses only six honorary foreign members, and this is the first election of the kind which has occurred since 1860.

The widow of the late Mr. Cecil Lawson, the artist, whose works are on view at the Grosvenor Gallery, has offered to the trustees of the National Gallery the choice of one out of two of her husband's most important landscapes.

Professor T. C. Newton will deliver at University College, London, in the second term, a course of five lectures on Greek Myths as illustrated by ancient paintings and other monuments. To the first lecture, yesterday (Friday), on "Mural Paintings and Paintings on other Materials," the public were admitted without payment or tickets. In the third term Professor Newton will give a course of lectures on the Useful and Decorative Arts of the Greeks and Romans.

At a meeting of the Birmingham Town Council on Tuesday a letter was read from Mr. Jaffray, stating that soon after the death of the Prince Consort a sum of money was subscribed for a statue of the Prince, which was now in the hands of the Corporation. A considerable balance remained, and it was decided to expend it on a companion statue of the Queen. This statue, Mr. Jaffray stated, was fast approaching completion, and the council were asked to accept the same and to make arrangements for the position and custody of both statues. The letter was referred to the Free Libraries Committee, who will make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Charles Dawson, M.P., was on Monday, for the second time, inaugurated Lord Mayor of Dublin.

The new curve line of the London and South-Western Railway, connecting Twickenham with Hounslow, was opened on Monday morning for passenger traffic.

Lord Lonsborough presided on Monday over a meeting of the executive committee of the Alhambra Employes Relief Fund, when it was reported that, after disbursing £1340 15s. 8d. amongst the various sufferers by the recent fire, there was still an estimated available balance of £2000.

A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* who does a little dairy farming, and sends 100 gallons of milk to London daily, writes:—"I am certain that if I could increase my supply tenfold to-morrow I could find a sale for it forthwith. If farmers within fifty or sixty miles of London were to turn their attention a little more to dairy farming, I think the community would be benefited all round. The farmers would find it a profitable business, both in the sale of the produce and by the increase of stock throughout the country which would follow, while the public would be able to obtain the genuine article at from 3d. to 4d. a quart, instead of 5d., and would be induced to diminish their use of spirits in favour of the most wholesome and nutritious beverage—milk."

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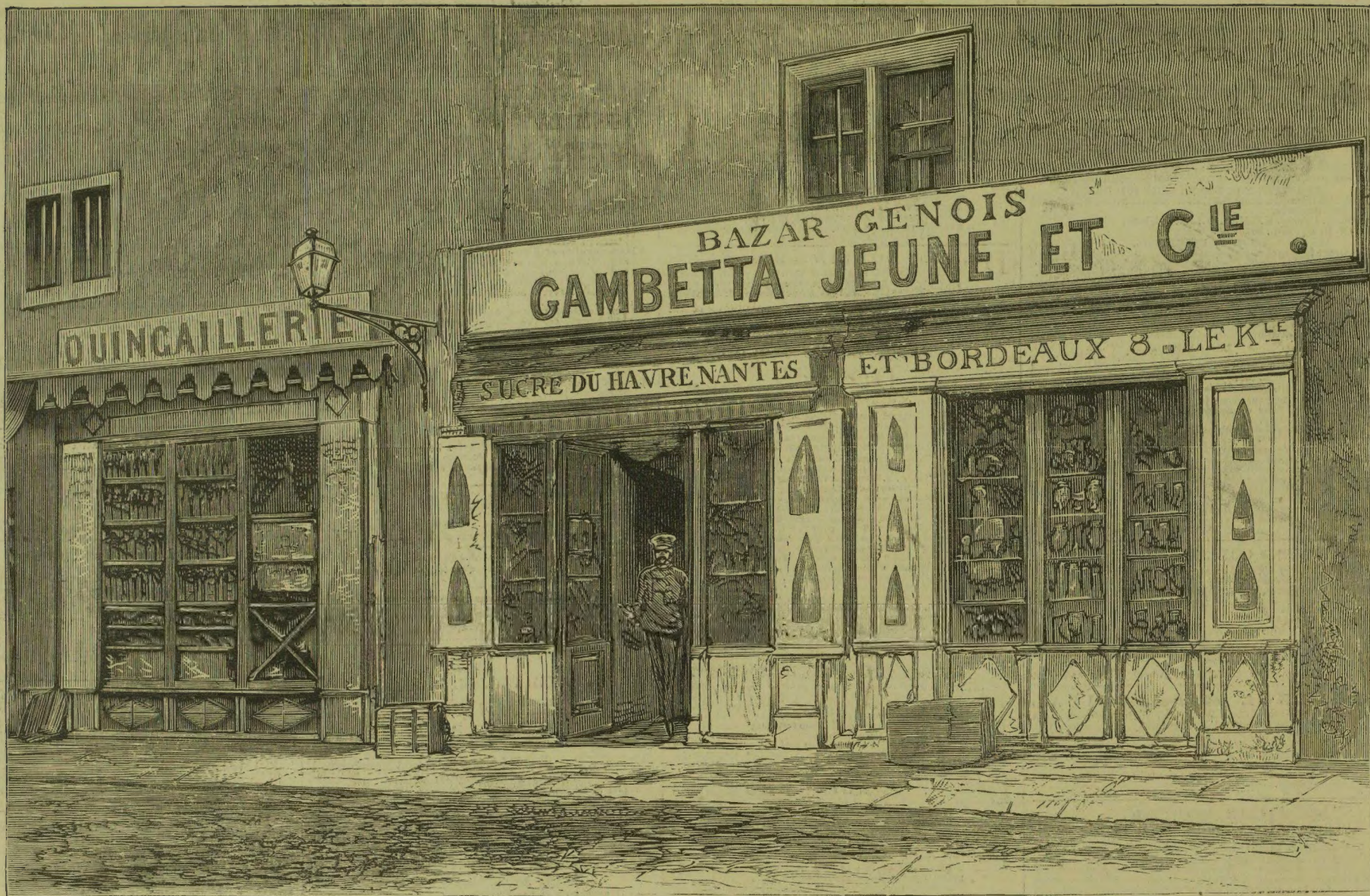
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